PLAIN TALK

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MUST IT BE WAR?

George Hamilton Combs

The Evolution of Dewey and Truman

Operation Donald Duck

James Rorty

Wall Street and the Liberals

Victor F. Morris

(Complete Contents Inside)

How Gideon Led the New Republic

A World of Freemen---America's Best Defense

PLAIN TALK

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A Debate:

Must It Be War?

George Hamilton Combs vs. H. R. Knickerbocker

This is the first of two articles on the question all America is asking. Mr. Combs, liberal news analyst and former Democratic Congressman, presents the case for immediate action by the United States. In next month's PLAIN TALK, Mr. Knickerbocker, distinguished foreign correspondent, will present the other side of the question.

By GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS

ON A HOT NIGHT late this summer eight men, each expert in some field of foreign affairs, were attending a New York dinner party. The conversation skittered up and down the scale of world affairs and finally slid around to Russia, where it stayed. After an hour of desultory talk, the host took an informal poll of his guests as to whether they expected war with the Soviet Union, and if so, in how long a time.

One man believed there was a good chance of avoiding war. Seven thought war inevitable.

Of those who feared war could not be averted, two thought it fairly remote — that is, six or eight years away. The others expected it sooner. The median guess was three years, or about the time the U.S.S.R. is expected to go into heavy production of the atom bomb.

Now these speculations are not intrinsically important, even if the opinions were informed, reasoned conclusions drawn from careful study of the world situation. The importance of the estimates derives chiefly from the fact that they mirror American opinion. A large preponderance of American thought accepts, if it is not reconciled to, the ineluctable nature of the threat. We as a nation think war is coming. We even fix the date — roughly about 1952. If we are young enough, we keep our uniforms in mothballs. We are not sanguine about living long lives.

But here is the dismaying paradox:

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expecting war, we are willing to let it be fought on the other fellow's time-table. Bowing to the virtual certainty of war, we will not face the logical challenge of our own beliefs.

Sentimentally, we reject the duty of preparing to wage war *at that moment best calculated to serve our national interest.* Fascinated and paralyzed by so hideous a prospect, we refuse to think in terms of how and when and on whose terms that war should be prosecuted.

Deep in our hearts most of us feel about like this: Soviet Russia is intent upon either world conquest or its equivalent, Communist world revolution. We cannot allow this—hence war must come. Russia is not prepared for war now. She is still exhausted from the last struggle and she does not yet possess the ultimate weapons. Therefore, she will wait until she can be fairly sure of winning . . . and we fairly sure of losing. Q.E.D.?

But since we are incorrigible romantics, we shy away from the duty of capping our deduction with its dread conclusion. Every tug of humanitarianism and every pull of decency hauls us away from a simple mental operation. We are reluctant to formulate even a *contingent* decision: to act at that time when the dangers of delay counterbalance the diminishing chances of peace. Of this prudence we will have none. Not even coldly calculated tables of probability will sway us from our determination to be the victim of aggression, a form of political masochism which, however noble, may also be fatal to our very existence.

But, you say, I don't accept the basic premise of war's inevitability. How then can I be driven to concurrence in a conclusion I find remarkably distasteful? Space is too limited to permit of elaboration of already-familiar arguments, but a summary might be useful.

First, the doctrine of inevitability is implicit in the structure of the Lenin-Stalin philosophy. World revolution is the keystone of Communist dogma. Interlarded in every Lenin instruction and every Stalin homily to the Communists are references to the winning of world power by force and violence.

Wrote Lenin: "We live not only in a state but in a system of states, and the existence of the Soviet Republic next to a number of imperialist (capitalist) states for a long time is unthinkable. In the end either the one or the other will have the better of it. . . . Until that end comes, a series of most terrible conflicts between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois States is inevitable. This means that the . . . proletariat, if it wants and will rule, must prove this also by its military organization."

In short, all Soviet policy is based upon the belief that war must come. Any policy so conditioned will look solely to the selection of the most propitious moment to join the issue.

Moreover, there is internal evidence that Russia believes the climax is imminent. Only a few months ago [illegible] banished to the outer darkness of her foremost economists who had the hardihood to warn that American capitalism was not necessarily on its last legs at this particular moment.

The Kremlin has counted on American economic collapse as the signal for its assertion of Communist hegemony in Europe and Asia. Soviet Russia must also be mindful of the stern admonition of Lenin that the bourgeois countries would go to war as a sort of last despairing gasp of capitalism. So, whether in the belief that her historic moment has dawned or that she must forestall the last bloody spasmodic lunge of capitalism, she proceeds, or seems to proceed, on the dogma of war's certainty . . . and has made her dispositions accordingly.

Secondly, we may well examine the record of the last few years for evidences of her plan to deal with the world unilaterally. Without dredging up contemporary history, we can safely generalize that almost no step she has taken is consistent with a program of international amity. On the contrary, every such step has been consonant only with the objective of foisting Soviet control on both Europe and Asia, a program we could no more view with equanimity, as the diplomats say, than we could accept Nazi hegemony in the Old World.

It can lead only to surrender—or to war. For the only hope of stopping Soviet imperialism in Europe is to administer it such a crushing nonmilitary defeat as will drive the Kremlin to war before the full dimensions of the disaster have had time to materialize, or the results to harden into permanent Soviet catastrophe.

By this standard, the German problem becomes insoluble. No matter what expedient adjustments may be made of the Berlin blockade, the interests of the two forces in Germany are so diametrically opposed that neither can afford to yield any large measure of position or policy.

Similarly, if the Marshall Plan is given time to work, the moment of supreme opportunity — the hour of Europe's chaos—will have passed for Stalin. There is no risk too great, no adventure too bold, if it will dissipate the chances of Western economic recovery. True, there is here a delicate matter of timing. The Marshall Plan must be defeated, but it would be better if overt hostilities did not explode until the Soviets are ready for war. Within the context of a two or three year struggle, twin objectives must be reached: the frustration of democratic recovery and the readying of the Soviet Union for battle.

Recently Edwin James, writing in *The New York Times* from Paris, pointed out that the Western Powers have underestimated Moscow's plans and that we err gravely if we think the leaders are bluffing in their European expansionism. Reflecting the nearly unanimous view of European diplomats that war is unavoidable, Mr. James however points out that some Soviet leaders quite sincerely believe that the United States has long planned war against the U.S.S.R.

While this might seem to pass the burden of persuasion to us, the Soviet attitude is far too intransigent to yield to polite reassurances from Washington. In the basic Communist dogma of "capitalism's last death-rattle," the idea of inevitable war is so deeply imbedded that it cannot be erased by either democratic word or deed. If the demobilization of the American Army,

the mothballing of the American Navy and the dismantling of the American Air Force did not convince the Communists of our good faith, there is little hope that hearty words of friendship will accomplish it. But one suspects some psychological rooting of this fear. It probably is the articulation of communism's own avowed aim of world revolution and of Lenin's blunt assertion that the two worlds could not co-exist. It is easy to translate this into a morbid fixation about the sinister purposes of one's enemy, for such we have certainly become in the Soviet lexicon.

Within three years' time, or less, Soviet Russia will have vastly improved her strategic position and patched up most of her war industries. She will doubtless be manufacturing the atomic bomb and turning out more German Snorkel type submarines, against which we have developed no defense. Our control of the seas will be materially menaced. Using B-29s as models and the engineering brains of her captive German scientists, she will be making fleets of strategic bombers. Her experimentation in germ warfare will have made even more substantial progress.

On the political front, she will have infiltrated the Middle East and perhaps much of Africa. Her agents in southeastern Asia will have turned everything from India to Burma into a steaming cauldron of hate and conflict. Her Chinese allies will have vanquished the Chiang Kai-shek government and local Communists will have seized southern Korea. She will have developed bases from which to launch an attack upon Alaska, now almost indefensible. She may, if her disturbances upset the operation of the Marshall Plan, have reduced France and Italy to impotence, if she has not in fact brought them to satellite positions. She will undoubtedly seek to swallow Scandinavia in two or three easy gulps and use these northern outposts as additional bases from which to wage trans-polar war against America's industrial north.

Any economic recession in the United States—and one may well be expected even if it is not of fatal proportions — would provide fertile ground for enfeebling agitation here. South America would be further infiltrated as a base of operations against the Panama Canal—even now in an exposed position.

SO LONG AS Russia thinks war certain to come, she will not entertain any sincere program for cooperation or friendship with the "imperialistic" powers, the principal one of which she has designated as the United States. At best we shall be offered delays and superficial plans of accord to mask her real purposes.

Nor is the Soviet time-table of revolution projected into the remote future. At the time of the Russian Revolution, the Bolsheviks were genuinely surprised that the rest of the world did not join in the uprising for which they had pointed the way. The architects of communism expected their triumph in Russia to communicate itself to the workers of all western Europe. And now that communism is riding around in the husky vehicle of an historic Russian nationalism, the Kremlin is impatient of delays. It will hardly hold its blows until the balance of the world is cushioned against their impact. It will scarcely sit by impotently and watch its chances of immediate success evaporating in the heat of a rejuvenated Western industrial society.

In short, the danger of a *laissez-faire* attitude on the part of Uncle Sam is that his abhorrence of war may lead him into a period he fondly believes is watchful waiting, but which in reality is more waiting than watching. During that interval, his putative enemy may be merrily cooking the witches' brew of his utter destruction.

Now it is one of the political facts of life that America will not wage an aggressive war. That may be high-minded and noble; it may also be fatuous and unrealistic, but there it is, as apparent as measles. We must not be the one to strike the first blow, runs the touching folk-belief. No matter that, in this age of nuclear fragmentation, the first blow may also be the last one: we must still stand up and take the first haymaker. Otherwise the war isn't legal. Give the highwayman at least one clear shot at you before you call the gendarmes or try to kick him in the groin.

But this American attitude is so firmly fixed in our tradition and prejudices that we might as well recognize it as one of the great immutable laws of political life.

WHAT THEN may we do to shield ourselves?

It is doubtful that the program here advanced will be adequate but it will at least suffice to precipitate the issue and to give us an outside chance of fighting the war on our own terms or under conditions which we had some part in creating.

First, we should demand the immediate execution of an acceptable peace treaty calling for the retirement of the Red Army to the borders of Russia, appending a time-condition both for the signing of the treaty and the Russian withdrawal.

Second, we should demand the immediate disbanding of the Cominform-Comintern—fomenting world revolution—and the cessation of the activities of the American section of the Communist Party. (It was a pledge to do this latter thing that induced President Roosevelt to extend diplomatic recognition.)

Third, we should call for the immediate return of all lend-lease property still owing to us from Russia.

Fourth, we should ask for substantial assurances of non-aggression against the Scandinavian countries, and the complete abstention of the Kremlin from any activity in Palestine and the Middle East.

Fifth, there should be full and immediate international inspection and control of atomic energy.

Sixth, we should notify the Kremlin that we shall expect the immediate abandonment of aid to the Chinese Communists, as well as a pledge that it will cease its instigation and arming of Korean Communists and that it will afford us and China full treaty privileges in the ceded ports of northern China.

If the Soviet Union accepts these conditions — wonderful! There will be no war. But, to indulge in the

flattest understatement of the year, the demands will probably be rejected. We should therefore be prepared to take counter-vailing steps, which might be:

The immediate withdrawal of diplomatic recognition from the U.S.S.R. and satellites.

An offer of asylum to all Red Army soldiers in Germany and Austria who wish to escape from Soviet tyranny.

A brisk propaganda campaign aimed at the Russian people, assuring them that these punitive steps were not being taken against them but against the Communist hierarchy.

The full use of American economic power to isolate Soviet Russia from any form of world trade.

The closing of the Panama and Suez Canals to Soviet shipping and a warning that all Soviet vessels touching American ports are liable to confiscation for unpaid lend-lease balances.

Immediate air force aid to Chiang Kai-shek.

The working out of an accommodation with Franco, who, detestable though he is, still controls the Southern Pyrenees and ingress into the Mediterranean, which American and other Western armies would probably have to use both as bastion and jumping-off place for future attacks.

The developing of air bases in Africa, which would probably be the cockpit of a war between the East and West.

The immediate improvement of the highway to Alaska and the surveying of the route for railroad building.

The conclusion of a hard-and-fast military alliance not only with western Europe and Scandinavia but with Greece, Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Egypt and the other Middle Eastern countries, each country to afford the United States full right to air bases and naval facilities.

It may be argued that these steps would be tantamount to a declaration of war. The realist would insist that they merely anticipate the measures we must surely take under any circumstances within the next two or three years . . . when Russia has the atom bomb.

Not a shot would be fired, but adequate defensive measures would have been undertaken and Uncle Sam would have assured himself that if a war is to be fought against the Soviets it will not be on their terms and in their time, but on his terms and on his time. We may tremble about taking a decisive step but we are beginning dimly to recognize that we can't equate delay with security or reconcile hope with realism. We know that Russian communism, harnessed to the stout collar of Russian nationalism, is far more inimical to the United States than the threat of Nazi conquest was.

Haters of war will ask, quite properly but quite irrelevantly, how we expect to win a war with Soviet Russia and whether we will try to occupy that vast country. To this the only reply is that no one knows, but that the question is not relevant to this discussion, which assumes that war is inevitable and that America's duty is plainly to put itself into such a position that it will not lose the war when it comes. The problems thus raised would be no easier of solution if the Kremlin initiated a war in its own time and under circumstances it thought auspicious.

Many sincere people protest quakingly, "What good is all this going to do? You can't stop communism with bullets, or 'you can't shoot an idea'." This also is irrelevant, if we predicate our reasoning on the idea that war is unavoidable. It will not be a matter of choice for us whether we want to try to stop communism with bullets. Indeed, the question will be put the other way; the Soviets may be asking, can the proletariat crush democracy with bombs? And all the time, they'll be trying to find out empirically.

Aside from its irrelevance, the question is vexing for another reason. It is puerile. Of course you can't shoot an idea, but you can shoot the man who disseminates the idea at gunpoint.

A further fact is that we are not concerned with the spectre of a Socialist Europe, just as we are not alarmed by Britain's Socialist government. We are afraid of a *Sovietized* Europe and Asia, with the driving force of communism coming from the deep springs of Russian nationalism. Without that direction, communism might well be just another floundering ideology. It is this realization that binds the Communists of other countries so tightly to the Soviet Republic.

No one in his right mind wants war with the Soviet Union—or for that matter, with Timbuctoo. We could never have considered going to war against the Soviets as a protest against their own internal tyrannies or their adherence to communistic doctrine. That is supremely their own business. When they so propagate those doctrines by word and sword that they endanger the freedom of the world and our own security and weal, it becomes a matter of lively concern to the United States. And when the Kremlin gives clear evidence that it intends continuing upon a course hurtful to American interest, we can have no qualms about putting ourselves in the best possible position to resist its bold designs.

We might have thought Communist dogma was mellowing, but when Moscow, insistent upon its doctrine that only environment fixes character and attributes, forced the genes to follow the party line, we realized that there was only a diminishing chance of persuading the men in the Kremlin that rationality—and its fruit of peace—are possible. If they controvert biology, they will surely reject political reason and sanity.

So repellent is the idea of war that the mere outlining of these dangers and the steps suggested to combat them has given this writer real pain. But there is little virtue in seeking a sentimental solution of a problem posed by ruthless men in the pursuit of a fanatical ideology. If we feel that atavistic sense of grave danger, our humanitarianism will but betray us if it relies upon adventitious escape or solution. Should Stalin die, the fires of the revolutionary spirit may very possibly mount rather than diminish. A new resurgence of Red Army influence in the Kremlin would bring war sooner. A recrudescence of party spirit would intensify the flames and multiply the dangers.

What we can see as danger, we must resist as evil.

HOW GIDEON LED THE NEW REPUBLIC

By Burt Nesbit

The story of the *New Republic* under Henry Wallace's short-lived editorship is one of the most fantastic in magazine history. Those who were on the inside during the series of dizzying policy changes that took place at 40 East 49th Street then, are still barely able to catch their breath. During the year that Wallace filled the editor's chair, the 34-year-old journal of opinion more than doubled its circulation. But, due to the incredible waste and mismanagement of Operation Wallace, the magazine is now further in the red both financially and ideologically.

On October 21, 1946, when the left-of-center weekly smashed a black headline on its self-cover announcing that the former Vice-President would become its editor, Wallace wrote: "I want the *New Republic* to be a window on the future . . . 'must' reading by liberals all over the world." Two months later he assumed the editorship. That "window on the future," at first rose-tinted, became increasingly murky as it began to reflect the views of Wallace's new party, forming its ranks under Soviet-minded U. S. commissars. Michael Straight, youthful publisher of the magazine, began to think better of his bargain. Wallace withdrew as editor in January, 1948, becoming contributing editor. He resigned for keeps in April, leaving Straight, reportedly, half a million dollars out of pocket.

Cancellations of Wallace-inspired subscriptions have come thick and fast. But the magazine now seems content to go back to its original 40,000 subscribers, to nurse its financial headache (reported operating deficit for the period 1948-49: $150,000) and to lavish no more fertilizer on the crop of nettles that sprang from Iowa seed corn.

Wallace's fall from grace was the more precipitous because of the gigantic build-up the magazine had given him. Edward Bernays, public relations counselor, was engaged to announce the editorship to the world, and advertisements were placed on a nationwide basis. The hoopla produced a minor sensation.

During the early days of Operation Wallace the business and editorial floors were in a constant uproar. Days were spent in selecting researchers, advertising solicitors, a library staff. A circulation manager and circulation promotion manager were hired—the first in the magazine's history. Senior editors trooped in. Further top brass was added in the form of a managing editor, art editor, production manager with assistants and assistants' assistants. At one point the *New Republic* masthead looked almost as well populated as that of *Time*.

The old-timers who had been with The Family for years were amazed at the goings-on; at the expensive office equipment, the new-fangled teletype, the bustle of freshly dedicated "progressive" activity. Glorious promises were held out to the new staffers.

The *New Republic* was founded in 1914 by Herbert Croly, a journalist of the highest integrity, and was endowed by Willard Straight, an idealistic ex-Morgan partner. After his death Mrs. Straight married Lord Elmhirst and settled in England. Preparations were made for her son, Michael Straight, to take over when he grew up. With the passing of Croly, Bruce Bliven became editor and, with treasurer Daniel Mebane, kept things running in the meantime. The Elmhirst family and "Mike" Straight, as this democratic scion prefers to be called, own Editorial Publications, Inc., which publishes *New Republic*, and *Antiques*, a money-maker, and had a recent interest in *United Nations World*.

When Mike Straight became publisher, he resolved to carry on in his father's likeness and to make something really big of the magazine. His New Deal training and education abroad with Harold Laski led him to approach Henry Wallace after the latter had been tossed out by Truman, following the now-famous Madison Square Garden speech. Straight believed that Henry would prove the Gideon who could lead the magazine into a happy land of mass circulation and abundant advertising. To the dismay of many on the staff, Wallace was wooed and signed up at a salary which, although high, was considerably below the huge sum the newspapers suggested to the public. The goal was set for 500,000 readers; the advertising department prepared for a rush of contracts.

Despite the advice of experienced circulation consultants — that a publication should be sold on its own merits and not on the personality of an individual—the campaign featured ballyhoo for the sage of Iowa. The initial promotion effort of some 700,000 mailing pieces in November, 1946, contained a yellow circular bearing the Wallace creed and an idealized drawing of a younger Henry. A letter told "Dear Fellow-American" that "Henry Wallace earnestly seeks your help in working for the peaceful century of the Common Man. America's outstanding progressive leader looks to America's leading weekly magazine of opinion as his most effective means of translating your ideals into reality—to speak out for a better world."

The fabulous returns ranged from five to ten percent on certain leftish mailing lists. And no wonder. Among the lists that yielded results from Wallace-worshipers were those of the magazine, *Soviet Russia Today*, of the PCA, the Massachusetts Soviet-American Friendship Council, and the Samuel Adams School of Boston, listed by the Attorney-General as subversive. Natural curiosity, a direct appeal to the far left and the efforts of the Wallace followers worked well.

It was an amazing fact that during the entire Operation Wallace no budget was ever set up for promotion expense. The Straight money flowed in like an inexhaustible stream. Circulation executives, who were seldom invited to policy, editorial or general staff meetings, went nearly mad in their attempts to set up some business-like basis for running things. Though

the organization was spending lavishly, it did not seem particularly anxious to show a profit.

From November, 1946 to July, 1948 approximately 3,700,000 pieces of subscription-soliciting literature were mailed. At an average cost of $50 per thousand, this represents an expenditure of nearly $200,000. To this was added $50,000 for public relations fees, newspaper advertising and special promotion campaigns, many of which were ordered at the last possible moment by Michael Straight. Total: $250,000 for circulation promotion alone. Add salaries, the expense of fulfilling the subscriptions to the readers, higher production and editorial costs, and the reported loss of some $500,000 of Straight money is understandable.

The actual circulation rise was from 40,707 net paid (Audit Bureau of Circulation report of December 31, 1946) to 87,000 net paid as of June 30, 1948. Mail subscriptions increased nearly 150 percent—from 29,798 to 74,000 subscribers. The balance of the increase was in newsstand sales.

The first big "new" *New Republic* made its bow, with a full-page portrait of its editor, complete with boyish forelock, gazing prophetically into the future. The expanded ads ranged from that of a manufacturer of latex panties for babies to Pan American Airlines and United Fruit Steamship Lines. But the spurt in advertising soon proved illusory. Wallace tried hard to influence his friends in business to take space, but with little result. The advertising solicitors hired for the Wallace regime gave up in disgust. Six months later an advertising promotion expert was engaged. He was all set for a countrywide tour of prospects, but the management didn't give him his trip expenses. At times, things grew very confusing.

THE EDITOR, during the beginning of his term, lived in a New York apartment and walked miles to work. He arrived early, stripped to his galluses, and stayed late. Wallace's office had a somewhat bucolic air due to the informality of his appearance and to the samples of seed-corn which were always around to be distributed to favored callers. But for all this hearty grass-roots atmosphere, employees found the new editor a somewhat aloof personality who did not mingle with the rank and file.

At first Wallace roughed out his weekly editorials, and it took the combined efforts of Editorial Director Bruce Bliven, Michael Straight and senior editors like William Harlan Hale to put the material into printable shape. When Lew Frank, Jr., of Detroit, took over the ghosting of the Wallace editorials they began to take on more and more the pattern of the party line. Frank, who led the pro-Communist faction in the American Veterans Committee, has been Wallace's speechwriter since they both left the *New Republic*. According to Hale, who resigned for policy reasons, Frank "made himself the job of acting as intermediary between his chief and the staff, and of squashing editorial projects that might not serve him politically."

Editor Wallace directed a memo to the senior staff on "The Things I Stand For" on March 18, 1947. Its

line was similar to that the Progressive Party is peddling, but it contained some statements that would probably be considered too direct for the party's Gideon to enunciate now. For example:

"I believe the United States is committed by her history to a democratic civilization of competitive enterprise at a time when most of the rest of the world, afflicted by the misery of war and scarcity, is moving toward socialism or communism. I believe Russia is committed by her history of centuries of czarist tyranny to the use of repressive measures as an essential element in holding the Soviets together until such time as an abundance of consumer's goods makes possible the freedoms which mean so much to us in the West. I believe Russia is committed by both czarist history and geography to push continually for free access to the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles. . . . I believe that toughness breeds toughness and that both the United States and Russia, by their actions, have already betrayed the solemn cause for which their young men died. I shall strive to the utmost to promote understanding between these two great nations at a time when many magazines consciously or unconsciously print the news in a way that creates bitterness in both countries."

That most members of the staff took their editor's instructions to heart was apparent from the atmosphere around the *New Republic* offices. There were some who would not go as far as Henry in admitting that there could be such a thing as a "repressive measure," even as a carry-over from czarism, in the Soviet paradise. Office conversations of a political nature revealed a general reluctance to voice any criticism of the U.S.S.R., though "fascism" and reaction in the U.S.A. were heartily attacked. One employee who had the audacity to question management about the editorial policy of not exposing Russia's faults as well as those at home, suddenly became unpopular with his associates.

At a midsummer staff outing held at the huge Straight estate on Long Island, a staffer made the wisecrack of the day: "Comes the Revolution and this will be 60 x 100 housing plots for veterans." The affair resembled a typical company picnic, except that the songs were of the "progressive" type favored at Comradely gatherings. Folk singer Woody Guthrie, a familiar figure at Stalinist rallies, had been hired for the occasion, and accompanied the songs on a guitar labeled "This machine kills Fascists."

NOT LONG after Wallace had become editor, the forces that now control him began to consolidate their hold on their future Gideon. A tug-of-war began between the Progressive Citizens of America and the magazine for his time and attention, with Wallace's editorial duties on the losing side. Wallace's trip to Europe, where he attacked U. S. aid to Greece and Turkey, led to a call for his prosecution under the Logan Act by some members of Congress. He came back a greater hero with the left-wingers, and began to see more and more of the men who now run the Progressive Party—especially C. B. Baldwin and John Abt. In May, 1947, he

toured the country for the PCA. Though handbills advertising the *New Republic* followed him, the tour produced only about 1,200 subscriptions.

In December, 1947, a big Christmas drive brought the circulation up to almost 100,000. But Straight was becoming worried about the future of his magazine and the money he had put into it. Wallace had come out against the Marshall Plan; Straight was for it. One issue published both sides. Readers wrote accusing the magazine of a "wishy-washy" policy —of having let Wallace down. Meantime, the magazine sold 69,551 reprints of Wallace's "Why I Choose to Run" editorial of January 5, 1948, though Straight wrote readers announcing that the *New Republic* would not support Wallace or any other candidate at that time.

THE DECLINE of the *New Republic* became apparent by January, 1948. There were frantic cutbacks. Straight called in Managing Editor Edd Johnson and told him to trim the editorial budget from $420,000 a year to $240,000. Johnson suggested getting rid of some of the top brass, but Straight asked that a group of lower-bracket employees (reported to number 19) be lopped off. Finally eight were dropped from the payroll, and Johnson walked out, too. Despite assurances that no more would be fired, eight were given notice on August 1. None of the "monopolistic" business enterprises scored in the *New Republic's* editorial pages could have taken a more reactionary stand on employee relations than that of the "progressive" weekly.

According to a bulletin published by the Editorial Publications Unit, Newspaper Guild of New York, Local 3, on August 16, "The recent firings were never discussed with the responsible heads of the *New Republic* departments. No attempt was made by management to find out if the operation of the magazine would be hindered or hurt. Responsible supervisory employees were never consulted to find out if other economy measures might be taken which would save jobs and at the same time improve the magazine's operation. Department heads found out about the firings from their discharged employees, after management had sent out the dismissal notices."

Incidentally, the *New Republic's* editorial crusade for equal rights for minorities did not extend to its own staff. No Negro writers or editors were employed: Two Negroes held minor jobs as stock clerks, and Wallace's attractive Negro secretary, Viola Scott, went with him when he resigned.

Thousands of dollars' worth of circulars and promotional material featuring Henry Wallace's editorship have been scrapped at the *New Republic* offices. Nearly ten thousand copies of a book, *Henry Wallace Says,* containing what were considered the best of his editorials, went to waste.

Though now without the guidance of Wallace's vision, the readers of the weekly continue to peer through that "window on the future"— still strongly oriented to the East. As one confused reader asked: "Which way *are* you going, anyway? I read your publication for the past 22 months and never did find out!"

The Man Who Wouldn't Be Like Coolidge

By A MISSOURIAN

"THE MAN whose balcony was built too late!" This phrase, applied to Harry Truman, was spoken sorrowfully the other day by one who had followed with deep sympathy the vicissitudes of the struggling President. In one way or another, most Americans have expressed the same regret. Intuitively they realize that the man who began his unwanted job in a spirit of humility has, in some mysterious way, been seduced by the power which had originally frightened him.

For even the bitterest political opponents of President Truman acknowledge his personal incorruptibility. The man who had made his start in politics as a member of the most corrupt and depraved political machine in the nation, the Pendergast gang, reached the White House without any blot on his own escutcheon.

If he had only built that balcony earlier, he could have retired to its rocking-chair comfort and, like Cal Coolidge, have gone into the silences that might have passed for profundity, and certainly would have been a mark of humbleness. True, there would not have been much grandeur in such a retreat, but grandeur ought to be the province of the great and, tragically, there is little of greatness to support the outsize gestures which President Truman has made.

It is easy to understand how the change from diffidence to cocksureness came about. Adulation is heady grog —and the occupant of the White House is fed noggin after noggin of flattery. Anyone with a hot taste for power would find the White House atmosphere inebriating to the point of Olympian delusion. Harry Truman is not a vain man, given to the magisterial posture, but then neither is he an introspective one. He slips easily into an acceptance of the estimate of his capacities so carefully nurtured by those around him.

And it is easy for a man to confound the respect paid his official position with respect for his own inherent qualities. Imperceptibly, President and man merge into one person, and not even the bulkheads of real humility can dam the flow of this subtle intermingling. Insensibly he is tempted into saying: My judgments must be right because I am President!

It was not initially like this. Mr. Truman at first recoiled in genuine fear from the awful responsibilities thrust upon him. He asked for guidance and he was not disingenuous in asking the newsmen to pray for him. But after the first shock had passed, he rallied quickly. He had taken the measure of his former colleagues in the Senate, had decided that his abilities stacked up pretty well with theirs, and had found this a reassuring yardstick, forgetting that the exactions of the White House can't be handily met by a run-of-the-mine intelligence. Moreover, the mere pressure of matters to be decided—and issues faced—

primed the pump of decisiveness; he was soon casting about for more worlds to conquer—more questions to answer and more challenges to meet with that snap-of-the-fingers technique.

Opinions that humility might have made tentative were starched into crisp assurance by the yessing of subordinates. He was "on top of his job." He said so repeatedly and with every evidence of conviction.

The White House atmosphere did that—transformed a modest man into one sure that his talents encompassed the frightening range of his responsibilities. Relying upon the intuitive approach, not unfeminine in its quickness and its self-justifying indignation, he began to govern the United States by the fasces of emotion. He found it exhilarating to work with the modeling-clay of history. Grotesquely, he began to feel at home in areas of momentous decision.

THERE WAS the meeting with Stalin, for instance. With some trepidation the President set out for the Potsdam Conference. He was following in the footprints of his predecessor, but it was unknown ground to him. He found Stalin bluff and hearty, and given to pipe-smoking geniality. He seemed not too tough an opponent—in fact, not an opponent at all, but just a good fellow who, at home, would be a pleasant poker companion and a good Shriner. Harry Truman from Missouri met Stalin on a basis of blithe equality and sought to deal with him as he would have dealt with a Missouri mule-trader of gregarious instincts. President Truman was making snap judgments based largely upon ethical considerations and a sense of fair play. His Soviet opposite number was reading from a blueprint.

Too late did the President realize that economics and foreign policy cannot be settled off-the-cuff, as a shoat is auctioned at a county fair.

By the same token, in domestic affairs, the vice of impetuosity brought him into repeated embarrassment. Often his receptivity to the last advisory whisper in his ear led into a weird dance of reversals—a fandango of bold sallies and sullen retreats. He began to take himself seriously as an economic oracle but, in a most un-Delphic way, was frequently called upon to repudiate his own counsel. The refusal of Congress to follow him brought about his first adventure in self-righteousness. The resulting gestures of defiance were bigger than the arms that waved them.

The American people gave him their sympathy, but they did not expect this bestowal to make him shrewish. Somehow they feel both embarrassed and betrayed. Nor do they like him in the bold, dragon-slaying role. They don't want a decent little fellow roistering around in the secret lives of Walter Mitty.

At this juncture, the Presidency calls for genius—or some of its attributes. If those magic qualities are wanting, the man in the White House will do well to entrust matters to level-headed if unexciting men, while he seeks out his favorite chair and rocks away into the soft Potomac twilight.

If only that balcony had been built earlier!

Eleven Expert Insights Into:

THE MIND OF DEWEY

LOWELL THOMAS

SUPERMAN DEWEY once confided to his mother that he had always regretted not inheriting his handsome, six-foot father's "height and nose."

Although he likes people, the governor prefers to have them around on a small scale, so that the Deweys have never given receptions or teas for hundreds of people. His manner is direct and earnest; he rarely tells a joke, and the Broadway kind of wisecrack has no appeal for him. Even with the most casual handshake, he fixes his intense probing eyes on the person he is meeting in a way many find disconcertingly reminiscent of his district-attorney technique.

Ladies Home Journal, Nov., 1944

RICHARD H. ROVERE

THOUGH he never says anything that has not been double-checked for safety and propriety, he has an alert, highly disciplined mind. He is cautious, but never slow. In conversation he is generally two or three steps ahead of his companions, and he can, when he wishes, express himself with vigor. . . .

In matters of law and politics he has a quick and flexible mind; but these are means, not ends. In the field of general ideas and broad policy, he has brought nothing new to the public forum, nor has he restated old ideas with new strength or faith.

Harper's Magazine, May, 1944

FORREST DAVIS

THE GOVERNOR is an incisive, alert and somewhat combative or . . . "spunky" antagonist. His demeanor toward strangers has mellowed, although still lacking somewhat of the Christian humility enjoined by St. Paul; but, grappling with an argument among his own, the governor has the untamed aggressiveness of a wounded she-bear. . . .

Legends are growing up about Dewey's endurance in blotting up information from callers. . . . From them all, Dewey demands facts first and recommendations second.

The Saturday Evening Post,
Aug. 12, 1944

RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

THAT he is an able man there is no question. In a narrow sense of the word, he is a splendid executive—that is to say, he is the kind of executive a corporation likes to have, *providing* the chairman of the board is a good policy man. For Mr. Dewey, precise as to detail, is weak on policy. His political rise has not been the result of strong ideological positions, political or moral, but rather of a political network, created by him over the course of years and capable of serving any idea or platform that necessity requires. . . .

Mr. Dewey has never been known as a man of deep-seated convictions; almost every commentator will agree that he is a political pragmatist. Mr.

Dewey's career in the Republican party has been, and will continue to be, a series of "practical" compromises, the chief purpose of which will be, not the achievement of an ideological goal, but that most treacherous of political goals called "party unity."

American Mercury, Oct. 1944

Raymond Leslie Buell

Governor Dewey . . . has a mind which quickly penetrates to the underlying issue in a maze of complicated detail. He acts only after thorough investigation and after seeking expert advice. His record shows a certain toughness in character, not bowled over by lobbies, campaign contributors or crooks. He has a record of making exceptionally good appointments to office.

Life, Oct. 30, 1944

The Staff of Fortune

The Dewey of 1947 is vastly changed from the young man who fought up and down the U. S. in 1944. . . .

The changes in Dewey are inward. Much of the old cocksure aggressiveness is gone; he listens more and talks less; now he frankly admits that he does not know all the answers. . . . Now he is easy and relaxed of manner; he talks freely off the record as he never did in 1944; he honestly admits mistakes and he is insistent on sharing the credit for his administration with others . . . a new quality—not quite humility, perhaps a kind of humanness—is visible in him for the first time.

April, 1947

Roger Butterfield

He is a different man today from the cocky crime buster who burst into the national limelight in the middle 1930's. In the last ten years he has been through six grueling political campaigns—and has lost three of them—and has come back after each defeat to win again. . . .

His sense of his own importance has diminished slightly in the process —or at least it has become less obvious. . . .

The Dewey who faces the crucial year of 1948 is still very sure of himself, but not so arrogantly sure. . . .

Dewey's mind is a practical and purposeful one: it works best when he is dealing with some specific course of action, such as a legislative program or a legal brief. He is not much interested in theorizing, or in discussions which wander very far from tangible facts.

Ladies Home Journal, Jan., 1948

John Kord Lagemann

One of the great dilemmas of our time, he went on, was how to retain the essential freedom of the individual and still satisfy the yearning for security of great numbers of our people. But he believed that our system of government, intelligently administered, was capable of solving this problem by encouraging rather than hindering private enterprise. . . .

This doesn't mean, said Dewey, that the people should not voluntarily entrust some economic functions to government. . . .

One place in the world where you won't find any Communism, said Dewey, is in Russia. It is state capitalism pure and simple. The Russian government is merely a more efficient form of the same tyranny imposed by the czars.

Collier's, May 1, 1948

Stanley High

"My job," Dewey once said, "is to get $50,000-a-year men to take $12,000-a-year salaries." He gets them. . . .

Many of the men Dewey has enlisted had never met him before. Most of them had no intention of entering the public service. But Dewey's zeal for good government is infectious. Once he has picked the right man, he asks him no political questions and for no partisan commitments. He offers him a free hand and keeps his promise.

Life, March 22, 1948

Helen Fuller

Dewey and his associates will bring to the White House and the Republican Party the group method of operation that has made them what they are today. . . .

Governor Dewey's acceptance speech was the pearl in the diadem of superb planning he had displayed throughout the convention performance. Both content and delivery rated the praise the address was generally accorded. New Dealers in the press corps reluctantly conceded that in its statesmanlike tone it approached the utterances of Wilson and F. D. R. . . .

Candidate Dewey got off to a running start. He did not inspire the Republican convention, but he conquered it. . . .

Even those who liked Dewey least in 1944 had a passively good word to say for his performance at the 1948 convention. Obviously, the little Governor has matured. Some of the brashness is gone.

New Republic, July 5, 1948

Nate White

Mr. Dewey is not innately a "me-tooer." He is a clever official and a shrewd political strategist. When he has been called "cagey," "coy," and "too slippery" — criticisms that often have appeared — he was probably avoiding being shoved into corners he wants to stay out of. . . .

These qualities may serve him very well as President when it comes time to deal with representatives of Saudi Arabia, for instance, or Soviet Russia, Great Britain, or China.

Christian Science Monitor, June 25, 1948

"Liberalism" derives from the same word root that gave us "liberty". . . . In recent years we have seen the preposterous spectacle of men and women vehemently waving the banner of their self-styled liberalism on the side of the worst enemies of all liberty. There are groups in our midst where an individual who expresses even a mild distrust of totalitarianism and the police state encounters instant denunciation as a "reactionary". . . . True liberalism . . . fights tyranny and regimentation of every kind and insists that Government exists to preserve the freedom of human beings, never to be their master.

Thomas E. Dewey in *The New York Times Magazine,* April 18, 1948

THE INSIDE STORY OF OUR SOVIET UNDERWORLD

II

By ISAAC DON LEVINE

"THE WAR is here!"

Walter Krivitsky flung these words at me nearly a week before the outbreak of World War II when I drove out to his hiding-place, a little cottage near Carmel, New York. It was shortly after the astounding news of August 23, 1939, of Ribbentrop's visit to Moscow and the conclusion of the Stalin-Hitler pact.

Krivitsky was in a state of terrific excitement. He had been the first to give to an incredulous world, with my collaboration, the inside story of the Soviet-Nazi negotiations in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* entitled "Stalin Appeases Hitler." When it appeared in the early spring of that year, many "experts" shook their heads skeptically. Later, Wesley Stout, then editor of the *Post*, observed to me (to run ahead of my story), in connection with the Communist campaign to discredit Krivitsky's revelations:

"It took two great world powers to get together to vindicate Krivitsky's story."

Even now there are those who are confused over the meaning of the Stalin-Hitler deal. In the last week of August, 1939, many informed people were bewildered by the bombshell from the Kremlin.

I went out to see Krivitsky to talk over the mounting international crisis. In view of the new Stalin-Hitler partnership, I was especially anxious over some of the shocking disclosures which had been made to me by Krivitsky and Whittaker Chambers. To Krivitsky this partnership allowed of no misinterpretation. As soon as it was announced, he took it as tantamount to a declaration of war. He dismissed with impatience all the other explanations and theories advanced in the press as to the significance of the pact. As far as he was concerned, Stalin had fired on August 23 the first gun of another world war.

THE TWO code clerks in the highest offices of the British Government, whose employment in Stalin's secret service had been disclosed to me earlier by Krivitsky, were very much on my mind. I saw two deadly pipelines running from the British supreme command, via Moscow, to Hitler's headquarters. It was a paralyzing thought. I endeavored to ferret out every bit of identifying information in the possession of Krivitsky about the two agents, particularly the one whose name he did not know. I learned that this second agent was of Scottish origin, with an artistic background.

I also recalled to Krivitsky the startling item which had cropped out during his first all-night meeting with

Whittaker Chambers, involving a major on the general staff of the U. S. Army, a graduate of West Point. It appeared that this officer, who was given to excessive drinking, had been maneuvered into becoming a paid spy of the Soviet military intelligence. His premature death was regarded as a blow by the chiefs of the Soviet underworld. I tried to find out from Krivitsky if the Kremlin had, to his knowledge, any other agents in our national defense departments.

Krivitsky was sure that there were many underground channels running from Washington to Moscow. He told me that when William C. Bullitt, first American Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. following our recognition of the Soviet Government in 1933, arrived in Moscow with a carefully picked staff, at least one member on that staff was a Soviet agent.

The thought that an American official of good breeding and education in the exclusive foreign service could be a secret Communist agent in a United States Embassy abroad was truly shocking to me. All that Krivitsky knew was that at the Moscow headquarters of the Soviet secret police they were aware of everything that went on within the Embassy, including the contents of the major communications between Washington and Ambassador Bullitt. Krivitsky did not know the name of the informer, but he did know that he was an American official.

I was haunted by the fear that much of the crucial confidential information which reached Washington from London and Paris would be siphoned to the Kremlin and thence to Hitler's command in Berlin by his Soviet partner.

Within a day or two of my talk with Krivitsky I sought out Whittaker Chambers, who now held an editorial job on *Time* magazine, and who had become very friendly with the former Chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in western Europe. Mr. Chambers, too, was in a state of great agitation over the Stalin-Hitler pact. He felt that something had to be done about it. I urged upon him the need to make all his information available to the proper authorities in Washington. He realized his grave responsibility, and agreed to reveal everything privately to President Roosevelt if I could arrange an unobtrusive visit for him to the White House.

For the first time Chambers, who had been keeping his living quarters a deep secret, jotted down for me his Long Island telephone number on a *Time* office memo blank. It was understood that I would communicate with him from Washington.

MY CALL on Marvin H. McIntyre, secretary to President Roosevelt, did not produce the anticipated result. McIntyre was most friendly and sympathetic, but he did not think that this was a matter to take up directly with the President, over the heads of the men entrusted with such affairs. He asked me if I knew Adolf A. Berle, Jr., then Assistant Secretary of State and confidential adviser to the President, and told me that he was the man to see.

I called on Mr. Berle, whom I knew well, and explained my errand

to him. It was not advisable, I pointed out, for Chambers to meet with him at the State Department. Mr. Berle then suggested that I bring Chambers to his home for dinner, on Saturday evening, September 2. The Berles were occupying Woodley House, the historic estate in the residential heart of Washington belonging to ex-Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

In the meantime the war came. On September 1 Hitler launched his attack on Poland. I communicated with Chambers who was somewhat disappointed that I had been unable to take him to the President, but who readily accepted Berle's invitation to a private dinner. As one of the leading members of Roosevelt's brain trust, Berle was known to have the ear of the President.

Chambers flew down to Washington on Saturday afternoon, September 2. It was the day of the great suspense. The world's No. 1 question was whether Great Britain would live up to her solemn pledge to defend Poland and declare war on Germany. When Chambers joined me at the Hay-Adams House where I was staying, I soon perceived that under the impact of Hitler's wanton aggression he would talk freely of his underground experiences to Mr. Berle.

After dinner, when Mrs. Berle had retired, the three of us took up for the first time the subject of the conference. It was a very warm evening. The scene of the conversation and the startling autobiographical story unfolded by Chambers was the study, then the lawn under a magnificent old tree, and then the study again when Berle began to make notes.

It was my understanding that this information would be conveyed by Berle direct to the President and that Chambers would suffer no ill consequences from his revelations. It would have been unseemly on my part to jot down there and then the names of the government officials and of Communist agents involved in the Soviet underground rings described by Chambers. Most of these came to me as news. I endeavored, however, to memorize as many as possible.

THE general picture drawn by Chambers that night was of two Soviet undercover "centers" or rings which, to his first-hand knowledge, had operated in Washington for years. One concerned itself with the control of labor and with patronage for Communists in the Federal service; the other with political and military affairs. Both groups were gathering and supplying confidential data to Moscow.

We learned that the business of filching from State Department and other secret government files had been well organized by the Communist "apparatus," that most of the time important papers would be microfilmed and replaced before they had been missed, and that the material would be delivered to Soviet couriers, operating under aliases, for transmission to Russia.

It was clear that Chambers knew his way about official Washington like a veteran in the Federal employ, and he showed unusual familiarity with the inside of the State Department. He named six of its officials as having knowingly furnished confidential data to Soviet undercover agents. Mr. Berle and I were shocked by the list, which included the Hiss brothers, then in inconspicuous positions.

As a result of questioning by Berle, it was explained by Chambers that the great majority of the government employees collaborating with the Communist rings were doing so out of idealistic, and not mercenary, motives. Their loyalty to the Soviet Union took precedence over their oath of office, accounting for their disloyalty to the United States. At that time this was still a novel doctrine even to such a well-informed public figure as Berle. Subsequently, seven years later, the Canadian Royal Commission, investigating the famous espionage case in which officials of trust had acted as agents of the Soviet Government, made much of this point. That idealists and fanatics can and have served as spies has since become a commonplace.

When Chambers cited as an illustration of this phenomenon the case of a deputy to a Cabinet officer, a certain assistant secretary of an important department, who was collaborating with Soviet agencies and sharing with them confidential matters of national policy, Mr. Berle exclaimed.

"But I know X X very well, and I can't believe it!"

I, too, was shaken by the argument which followed. Chambers tried to impress upon us the nature of totalitarian espionage, that Moscow would prize information about pending government policies and decisions more highly than routine military blueprints. The contents of a telephone conversation, for instance, between President Roosevelt and our ambassador in Paris or London would be worth more to Stalin than the design of some new ordnance. The name of the deputy Cabinet officer, however, remained engraved in my memory.

UPON MY RETURN after midnight to the Hay-Adams House, where I took leave of Whittaker Chambers, I jotted down on a sheet of hotel stationery most of the names that had been revealed during the evening. I could not recall, for example, the first name of Donald Hiss, and in my list of State Department officials the Hiss brothers are recorded as follows: " . . . Hiss. Alger Hiss." Similarly, the name of Lauchlin Currie, with which I was not familiar then, was written down by me as "Lockwood Curry."

The name of Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, described by the House Un-American Activities Committee as "heading an espionage ring of government employes" and as having maintained in subsequent years an association with Dr. Edward U. Condon, Wallace-appointed head of the Bureau of Standards engaged in atomic research, was also unfamiliar to me.

My memorandum includes these notes: "Nathan Silbermeister, alias Gregory Masters, Greg. Silvermaster, Nathan Silvermaster—personal statistician to President in Agr. Dept." As I now peruse this memorandum, it is patent that I was scouring my memory for the various names which had suggested themselves to me in connection with Silvermaster's identity.

In the Soviet labor-patronage ring, it had been disclosed by Chambers that night, the key figures were several Communist advisers to John L. Lewis in the top councils of the CIO. This was still the period when Mr. Lewis, who knew Communist treachery well, was cynically building his labor empire with Stalin's tools. In turn, these tools were using John L. Lewis to establish their underground network to exercise a stranglehold upon American defense and industry. The secretary of a small but vital CIO union was, it appeared, a secret member of the Communist Party, exploiting the office for the purpose of planting or recruiting Soviet agents.

The president of this union was a friend of mine. I was then expecting immediate repercussions from the Chambers-Berle meeting. I was convinced that the matter would go to the President and that a clean sweep would follow after a full investigation, resulting in a national sensation. I felt it my duty to warn my friend of the CIO union of the impending inquiry which might expose a whole brigade of spies in his organization, and compromise him.

We made a luncheon date. To escape attention, we drove out to a small restaurant near Arlington, Virginia, overlooking the valley of the Potomac. There I told him of my suspicions in connection with his union and of my expectations that the White House would move soon, now that the war was on and that Stalin had aligned himself with Hitler. He confirmed my information about the secretary of his union. He had, it seemed, for some time shared my worst suspicions.

We were lunching in the garden of the restaurant which was quite empty. A few tables away two men were sitting, engrossed in conversation. Suddenly my companion expressed his astonishment when he recognized the two men. One of them was Lawrence Todd, veteran Washington correspondent for Tass, the official Soviet news agency. I, too, recognized him. Lunching with Todd was the deputy to the Cabinet officer who had been named by Chambers to Berle a few days earlier!

My friend knew this high government official well. He thought it advisable for us to change our positions so that we would not be observed by the other couple, as Todd knew me. We speculated over the motives which had led an assistant secretary to make a date under such circumstances with the representative of the Communist regime then affiliated with the war-waging Nazis. (In the National Press Club in Washington the Tass and *Daily Worker* correspondents became untouchables upon the conclusion of the Stalin-Hitler pact.)

While awaiting developments from the Chambers disclosures, I was oppressed by the information which Krivitsky had imparted to me about the two trusted officials in the innermost councils of the British Government who were acting as agents for the Kremlin. I was determined to bring the matter to the attention of the highest British authority in this country.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

Hungary's "Henry Wallace"

By Hal Lehrman

In a modest apartment on Budapest's spacious Andrassy Avenue a little man named Zoltan Tildy, aged 59, ex-President of the "People's Democratic Hungarian Republic," now has ample time to reflect on his role as the Henry Wallace of Hungary, and on his reward.

Last month this sad-faced Protestant pastor, the "liberal" who fronted for the Communists while they were taking Hungary over behind the bayonets of the Red Army, was finally paid off. He was presented with "evidence" that a member of his own family had committed espionage and treason. The charges were phony. But they were obviously disclosed to the Rev. Mr. Tildy with considerable eloquence and force. He was thereby induced to "resign" from the Presidency. He departed from the Presidential Palace in disgrace. Henceforth he will live in nervous anticipation of the thunderous midnight knock on the door which proclaims the arrival of the terrible Political Police.

The Tildy ouster is the latest proof to the world of how Communists in power unfailingly deal with the Wallace type of pro-Soviet, fellow-traveling "progressive" leader who has abetted their grab for domination over his country—and outlived his usefulness.

As an American correspondent who came and went at frequent intervals in Hungary during the 18 months after its liberation from the Nazis, I had a box seat from which to watch the Russian-supported Communists gradually stifling all hope for freedom, and to watch Zoltan Tildy piously cooperating in the enterprise.

Tildy, whose resonant, spell-binding voice offsets his five feet, two inches of height, was the leader of the Smallholder Party. This party, made up mainly of farmers, landowning peasants, little businessmen and educated workers, was the strongest non-Communist organization—and the largest political party—in Hungary. In the only free election which the Red Army has allowed in eastern Europe, the Smallholders in 1945 won a landslide majority of 57 percent. That was why Tildy became the first President of the new Hungarian Republic, and why the Communists had to permit the formation of a government with a Smallholder Prime Minister at the head of the Cabinet table.

Yet Tildy led the Smallholders to impotence and ruin by blindly but systematically insisting on concession after concession to the Communists.

In my last interview with him, just before my final departure from Hungary, I asked Tildy how he, a lifelong liberal, could go along so faithfully with the Communists in their obvious drive to establish totalitarian tyranny over his people. He replied that collaboration with the Russians was the only "wise policy."

"Hungary," he intoned, "is completely submerged and surrounded by Soviet power. We must somehow get along with the Russians. I have grounds for believing that the Com-

munists will eventually be reasonable."

It was Tildy, not the Communists, who eventually became "reasonable" —by quitting the Presidency at the point of a gun. According to controlled Budapest dispatches, Tildy voluntarily resigned because of a "great crime committed against the Republic by a person in my close entourage."

This "person" was Tildy's own son-in-law, fat and jovial Victor Csornoky, 29 years old, formerly political secretary of the Smallholder Party, more recently Counsellor of the Hungarian Legation in Washington and Hungarian Minister to Cairo — and now occupying a cellar cubicle in a Budapest Political Police jail under indictment as a "spy and traitor."

I KNEW Csornoky well, and was able to retain contact with the Tildy family after leaving Hungary. I can say categorically that the Communist charges against Csornoky were made for the sole purpose of embarrassing and forcing his father-in-law out of the Presidency. The Communists wanted Tildy out in order to mop up the last scraps of influence held by his Smallholder Party. And they also wanted him out in order to put in another stooge, the leader of the disbanded Socialists, one Arpad Szakasits, an ex-bricklayer.

Comrade Szakasits liquidated his party this summer by merging it with the Communists. The Presidency is his reward for the betrayal.

The Communists had been preparing to strike at Tildy through his son-in-law ever since the Smallholders beat the Communists, the Socialists and the Communist-front Peasant Party — all three of them combined—in a fair test at free elections. As long ago as 1946 Tildy told me that he knew "certain elements" were spreading rumors about Csornoky.

"I understand the purpose of this campaign," Tildy said darkly. And then he solemnly went on: "My confidence in Victor cannot be shaken." This assurance now becomes doubly significant, and gives further reason for believing that Tildy's current "repudiation" of his son-in-law may not have been altogether spontaneous.

The Communist-hatched rumors with which Budapest was buzzing in 1946 alleged that Victor Csornoky had been piling up a fortune for the Tildy family out of various state monopolies. If so, it certainly didn't show in the simple, rather drab apartment Tildy and his wife occupied on the second floor of a seedy old building near a Budapest park, nor in the flat below where the Csornokys lived.

Nevertheless, I looked into the reports of Csornoky's profiteering. And my investigation established the piquant fact that numerous highly-placed *Communists* — among them Zoltan Vas, head of the "Supreme Economic Council" and present-day czar of Hungary's entire economy — were doing very well indeed from the proceeds of government-controlled "trading corporations" in black-market operations across the Rumanian, Austrian and Czechoslovak borders.

ONLY last year, in New York, I learned from Csornoky himself that the Communists had made an open attempt to finish him off when he had returned to Budapest a few months earlier from his diplomatic post in Washington. The Communist press had burgeoned suddenly with a forest of planted stories about Csornoky's relations with "Fascists" in Washington—presumably the State Department of the government to which he was officially accredited — and about his varied and sundry swindles, embezzlements and black-market hauls. Friends tipped Csornoky off that all this was a prelude to his imminent arrest.

Csornoky, who, though not much taller than his father-in-law, weighed well over 200 pounds and didn't look worried, grinned as he explained to me how he had slipped out of the net the Communists were spinning around him.

"When I felt the heat being turned on," he said, "I went to Laszlo Rajk (Communist Interior Minister in charge of police). I informed him that if any 'accident' happened to me I had arranged for disclosure of evidence about questionable activities of Comrade Rajk himself. The heat was turned off."

After that Csornoky went boldly back to Budapest. He ran into more trouble, but managed to get out safely again, this time as Minister to Egypt. In a letter dated January 17 of this year, on stationery of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, he wrote me that I must be surprised to hear from him in Egypt and that he was certainly surprised himself to be there "after all the troublesome happenings and dark prospects I was threatened with." But he added philosophically, "Here I am after all, for the time being at least as Minister of Hungary—the last of the type with similar [democratic] political convictions."

Young Csornoky concluded his letter with a routine statement of fact: "The President is in Hungary." This was no revelation, and I wondered at the time why he was telling me something so obvious. In retrospect, however, the sentence reverberates with ominous and prophetic overtones. For, only a half year later, Csornoky was lured back to Budapest and jailed, the Communists evidently having found a way to gag him and protect themselves and Comrade Rajk against inconvenient "disclosures." The next day Tildy himself "resigned." "The President is in Hungary," but no longer President.

ZOLTAN TILDY'S downfall is significant to Americans not because of its private and public tragedy, but because it marks the passing from the east European scene of another in the long line of "Henry Wallaces" who have paved the Soviet highway to power with their "good intentions":

During the war Ivan Subasitch, head of the Yugoslav London Government-in-Exile, made a guerrilla chief named Tito respectable by forming a coalition with his Partisan regime. In the end, Tito forced Subasitch's resignation and disappearance from public life.

Rumanian democratic leaders Juliu Maniu and Constantin Visoianu negotiated a secret armistice with the Allies which enabled the Red Army to occupy Rumania with hardly the firing of a shot. Maniu is now serving a life term in a Rumanian jail, and Visoianu is an exile in the U. S. A.

Bulgarian Peasant leader Nikola Petkov helped overthrow the Sofia government in a *coup d'état* engineered with the Communists. Later a Communist lynch court convicted him of "conspiracy with the Fascist western democracies" and hanged him.

Poland's wartime Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk entered a coalition government with the Communists in liberated Warsaw. Eventually he fled the country to save his life.

And Czechoslovak President Eduard Benes, who had trusted Soviet pledges of his country's independence, quit in despair after the Communist coup last February had installed Red totalitarianism in Prague.

In Hungary, President Tildy clung to his fond dream of useful collaboration with the Communists even longer and more stubbornly than his fellow-victims in the other puppet states of Russia's Europe.

Our own Henry Wallace has an uphill climb in his mission of persuading the American people that the U.S.S.R. is always right and the U.S.A. always wrong. Tildy's assignment was easier. With the Red Army in absolute control of Hungary, and a Communist secret police working full time to terrorize the opposition, Tildy needed only to sanctify the proceedings by giving the prestige of his approval to each encroachment on Hungarian freedom.

Thus, when the Russians jailed and tortured one of Tildy's Smallholder lieutenants, Bela Kovacs, in order to extract a "confession" of a Smallholder plot, Tildy formally accepted the "confession" as valid. And when the Communists forced Smallholder Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy to resign for having allegedly conspired to overthrow his own government, Tildy sided with the Communists against his old colleague.

As Hungary was led deeper and deeper into the Soviet meshes, Tildy obligingly used his high office and liberal reputation to endorse each step. It is ironical that when the Communists decided to dispense with Tildy himself, they required him to exonerate them one last time—by endorsing his own dismissal. His letter of resignation was made to say that "I always fully agreed, and also agree today, with the entire policy of the Hungarian People's Democracy."

ONLY ONE more "Henry Wallace" still holds uneasy eminence in Russia's Europe—Premier Petru Groza of Rumania. All signs indicate that his departure is also not far off. Another nail was pounded in Groza's political coffin when his son turned up suddenly in Paris a few weeks ago and declined to return to the new "People's Democratic Rumanian Republic." This stubbornness inspired several clear hints in the Bucharest press about the "Fascist tendencies" in a certain highly-placed political family. The parallel between Rumanian Premier Groza's future troubles and Hungarian President Tildy's past disasters is obvious and refreshing.

Meanwhile, with its fellow-traveler dupes nearly all disposed of, Moscow has already begun the next phase — liquidation of any Communist leaders who show the smallest symptoms of independence. Yugoslavia's Tito is the current target.

Eastward, Ho!

A SOVIET CITIZEN will believe the wildest slanders about the U.S.A. because Moscow's fiction about America so much resembles the truth about Russia. In a brochure on American films published by *Pravda* ("Bourgeois Cinematography in the Service of Reaction," Moscow, 1948, p. 14) there is the following simple statement which the poor Russians, in the light of their own experience, have no reason to doubt:

"With unheard-of arrogance, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper demand the execution of Charlie Chaplin, Katherine Hepburn and Henry Fonda."

* * *

When you accuse a Communist of being a Communist, all the comrades raise a howl: "Witch hunting! Red-baiting! Police state!"

If you prove that the Communist is a Communist, they shout: "Is it illegal to be a Communist?"

You just can't win.

* * *

Do not believe a word of what Kasenkina or Samarin says. The life of a teacher in the Soviet Union is, as every reader of *Soviet Russia Today* knows, a life of pleasure and glory. Witness what happened in the Ryasan region, as reported in the Moscow press.

In that region, the government allotted a large sum for the housing of teachers. The money was spent to the last kopek, but no houses were built. According to law, both schools and teachers must be supplied with free heat. Alas, last winter classes were conducted at a temperature of ten below zero. In preparation for the new school year a delegation of teachers visited the Chief of the local Soviet.

"Those blasted teachers," exclaimed the Comrade Chief. "Such a pain in the neck!"

* * *

Soviet Ambassador Panyushkin warned the American public not to trust Samarin's statements because the teacher who refused to return to the Soviet paradise "had been wounded in the head." Ex-Consul General Lomakin issued a similar warning about Kasenkina: she was high-strung and unbalanced.

Alger Hiss intimated to the Thomas Committee that his accuser, Whittaker Chambers, was not quite sane.

Do you recognize the general pattern of the Hit-and-Hiss method?

* * *

Stalin is not only a great leader of the people, the foremost writer, scientist, philosopher, painter, sculptor, inventor and strategist of our time, but also the spiritual godfather (or, as they probably say in Russia, Marx-father) of all the Soviet tots. A poem in a Russian children's magazine, *Murzilka,* proves the point. Here is a translation:

The flag of the five-year plan unfurls,
Our efforts are well spent;
Comrade Stalin likes boys and girls
Whose marks are excellent.

ARGUS

When Is A Red Herring?

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE LIBERAL is an ambivalent creature. On the one hand he feels abhorrence for communism. On the other, he considers himself personally assaulted if less delicate souls seek to carry this abhorrence into active opposition. On the one hand he assures you blithely that the best way to cripple Communists is by unceasing exposure. On the other, he will cry "red herring" at all attempts to make this exposure anything more than a scholarly refutation of Leninist principles. Moreover, while he charges character assassination against those who do the exposing, he is not above joining in smear attacks on those who see the mote in society's eye.

This has been particularly true of the liberal assault on Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers. Miss Bentley and Mr. Chambers are people who realized the error of their ways and are now doing their best to rectify it. In the course of this, Elizabeth Bentley has lost her job and Whittaker Chambers has put himself in a decidedly uncomfortable position. Yet Mrs. Roosevelt, never having met Miss Bentley and knowing nothing about her as a person, rushes into print with the bland assertion that she is "neurotic." A. J. Liebling, a careless journalist of *The New Yorker* smart set, also rushes into print with a misleading article which disregards the Chambers evidence but makes sure to call him a "dead-beat." *The Nation,* perhaps a seedy example of liberalism, first attacks the grand jury hearings as evidence of an American police state, because they were secret, and then attacks the Thomas committee hearings because they are public.

The fight among non-Communist liberals, then, is not over the existence of Communist infiltration but rather over the necessity and the means of combatting it. And it is precisely here that the House Committee on Un-American Activities catches the greatest abuse. Without becoming an apologist for Mr. J. Parnell Thomas, I think it is important to note that, for whatever motives, he has realized the necessity and found the means of fighting the Communists. In point of fact, he has very nearly succeeded in the current hearings where the Department of Justice and the grand jury failed signally. And though there has been much criticism of his committee's procedures, Thomas has done remarkably well, given the peculiar problem which is his field of investigation.

For Communists are an anomaly in any democratic society, particularly one based on an Anglo-Saxon legal tradition. They are not merely political animals who are ready to lie and cheat to attain certain ends. That sort has always been with us. In addition, the Communists are, to use Harold Laski's apt description, "a secret battalion of paratroopers" whose mission is "the organization of catastrophe," a camarilla which believes that deception and double-dealing are not a last resort in the face of persecution, but a "legitimate" means to be used always, even under the most democratic conditions.

COMMUNISTS admit to the belief in the systematic capture and perversion of liberal organizations and friendly governments. Their strategy, a miscegenation of gangsterism and idealism, has been outlined repeatedly in the writings of Lenin and in the *Theses and Principles* of the Third International. Their secrets are guarded by a discipline so rigid and fanatical that they can be ferreted out only when a disillusioned comrade opens his heart. What is more, Communists operate under an effective umbrella of gullible people and cynical careerists who obstruct the normal course of justice at every turn.

A tolerant Congress has refused to pass stringent legislation to cope with them. What laws are already on the books—the Smith and Voorhis acts—are but casually enforced by the Justice Department which found it much more politic to apply them against the hapless Trotskyists in the Minneapolis sedition frame-up. During the Roosevelt years, to attempt to strike at the Communists through the courts was futile — as the Browder case, the Bridges case, and the State Department espionage case (see PLAIN TALK, Oct., 1946) will attest. Under such conditions, what better means of rendering the Communists impotent than by ruthless exposure? And what better or more democratic instrument for this purpose than a committee of legislators, elected by the people?

The Congressional investigating committee is nothing new. It dates back to the early days of the Republic. It has stood as a guardian between the people and the executive branch —in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, "the eyes and the voice" of the Congress. It has been used—sometimes well, sometimes badly—to expose ills in the body politic and to air the abuses of special interest groups. Never in the history of this particularly American institution has it concerned itself too much with a punctilious regard for the rules of evidence or for the tender susceptibilities of individuals. But the point is that it has served an important function and must continue to do so.

Let the liberals remember. When Congressional committees were investigating Teapot Dome, cartels, violations of civil liberties, or such phases of big business venality as came under their scrutiny, liberal opinion was screamingly in their favor. There was no talk then of unconstitutionality, of red herrings, or of improper procedure. In those days Felix Frankfurter, then a Harvard Law School professor, stated bluntly:

> Objection is frequently taken against irrelevant, unfair and unsubstantial charges [in Congressional hearings] . . . It is not easy to be patient with such an attitude. . . . This criticism is familiar to everyone who has ever had anything to do with criminal prosecution, namely, to attempt to divert attention from the misconduct of the defendant. . . . The question is not whether people's feelings here and there may be hurt, or names dragged through the mud, as it is called. The real issue is whether the danger of abuses and the actual harm done are so clear . . . that the grave risks of fettering Congressional inquiry are to be incurred by artificial and technical limitations upon inquiry.

Liberals at the mourners' bench might do well to remember that Alger Hiss, now on the receiving end of Congressional inquiry, was himself counsel for Senator Gerald P. Nye's committee which, in its investigation of the munitions industry, was no sparer of persons or reputations. Or that Harry S. Truman made his name as a senatorial muckraker. Or that the famous "tinbox law" of New York, barring State employees from retiring behind the constitutional right against self-incrimination was engineered by Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

IT IS not only the right but the duty of Congress to stick its nose into every corner from which a bad odor —or the suspicion of a bad odor— emerges. This is politics, perhaps, as has been charged. But since the days when members of Congress went at each other, literally, with hammer and tongs, American politics has been a rough-and-tumble with no holds barred. Had Mr. Roosevelt cleaned house in the late thirties, Mr. Thomas would not be basking in headlines today.

What the Bentley-Chambers revelations have done is to force people to a recognition of a state of affairs and a body of fact which many newspapermen—and some public figures—have long known to exist. The Thomas committee merely said openly what was being whispered.

What, in effect, is this substance? *First:* that Communist influence and infiltration reached into the highest councils of the New Deal. Take the case of Alger Hiss, a man who held strategic office in the State Department, who was secretary to the San Francisco U.N. conference, and who accompanied Roosevelt to Yalta. The late Harry Dexter White — probably not a party member — consorted with Communist agents, gave them his protection, and—though the Thomas committee never got a chance to delve into this—had an Order-of-Lenin record when it came to appointing key men to administer American policy in the critical German theater of postwar operations. Lauchlin Currie, a presidential aide, served the Communists well, though perhaps unwittingly. A certain American diplomat, holding ministerial rank today, might not survive in the foreign service after scrutiny of his record *vis-à-vis* the Communists. And there are others.

Second: that the Thomas committee has, almost by indirection, blundered on the proof of the damning charge that the New Deal was ready and willing to accept Communists into the fold. As far back as 1939 when Hitler and Stalin were in loving embrace, President Roosevelt took no action to rid his administration of Communists. If Adolf Berle never repeated to him the whole sordid story which Chambers had told, there were others who brought FDR the news. The reception they got ranged all the way from blunt annoyance to amused condescension, but the result was the same. And this treatment went right down the line.

I know that the Civil Service investigating arm in New York, a highly efficient body, collected full dossiers on many Communists applying for Federal jobs, only to have these dossiers disregarded. We know today,

and Gen. William Donovan knew then, that avowed Communists were admitted into the most secret of American intelligence agencies, the Office of Strategic Services. We know that the "Red desk" of the Office of Naval Intelligence was shut down on specific instructions from the White House because it put the finger on certain court favorites who wanted Navy commissions. And this was going on when liberal anti-Communists — the Negro poet Claude McKay is but one example—were hounded out of Federal jobs by Communists in controlling spots. There was no organized liberal protest then and the whole matter was, of course, dismissed as "Red-baiting."

IT IS into this mess of perfidy and irresponsibility that the Thomas committee has begun to probe. In pursuit of this task, it has committed some serious errors. Functioning against executive obstructionism, it has often moved hastily and in all directions, without adequate preparation. It has laid itself open to charges of irregularity by its failure to retain a general counsel of wide trial experience and high repute. It has permitted political passion to divert it from the business at hand.

But to the criticism that Parnell Thomas, Karl Mundt and Richard Nixon are treading on too many toes, there is only one answer: that they have not been treading on enough toes, not discovered enough skeletons in Federal closets, and that the closets, once opened, have not been thoroughly enough explored. It is true that they have blasted with a shotgun, thereby peppering a few innocent bystanders, where a rifle would have been more accurate, but in dealing with antagonists as elusive as the Communists, there is seldom time to make a careful choice of weapons.

Even with such complex safeguards as the American legal system provides, there have been miscarriages of justice. This has never been advanced as a reason to scrap it. And right has been mistaken for wrong even under the finest conditions, such as prevailed in the inquiry by Congress of Richard Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior under Taft, during which the brilliant and principled Louis D. Brandeis, as counsel for the accusers, helped inadvertently to pillory an innocent man and to hasten the Republican split of 1912.

Investigation as a Congressional prerogative is the best means so far devised to meet the totalitarian challenge. Until Congress passes, and the Justice Department enforces, laws which will strike at the underhand practices and underground tactics of men who lie and cheat in the service of a foreign power, the Congressional committee is the only means to meet that challenge. It is valid to decry the shortcomings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, but only if this criticism is used not as a bludgeon, but constructively, to devise more nearly perfect means of coping with the most elusive and complex malady in our body politic.

So Runs the World

The Way to Liberation

ONE AVENUE to the liberation of Europe and of the entire world from the continuous strain of the Bolshevik menace lies through the satellite countries. Their populations already abhor the Soviet oppressor with all the boundless indignation of the injured — and they are not yet thoroughly permeated with Soviet spies and agents as is Soviet Russia, where the population is powerless to act politically.

One of the most important steps to be undertaken in the diplomatic "cold war" being waged by both sides is the semi-official recognition by the Western nations of the exiled, free governments of the countries which have been subdued by the Soviets — of the exiled Polish, Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Rumanian government leaders—and the appointment of special commissioners to be in permanent contact with these groups working to liberate their countries. This does not necessarily mean the withdrawal of all diplomatic representation accredited to the present pro-Soviet governments of the satellite countries. But those diplomatic representatives should be only *chargés d'affaires,* not full-ranking plenipotentiary ministers or ambassadors.

The second step is to make known to the units of Red Armies, Russian and satellite, located in these countries, that if the terrible catastrophe of war —a catastrophe which nobody desires —should come, the war would not be waged against the Russian or the Bulgarian or Hungarian people, but only against the tyrannical Soviet regime. The Soviet Red Army (as also the satellite Red armies) should be the natural ally, just as the great Russian people must be the natural ally, of the Western Powers in the final decision between the Bolshevik and non-Bolshevik forces on earth.

Let not the Western Powers be blinded by selfish imperialism and hatred toward the Russian people. Their historical rights are to be fully recognized, but the future Russia must be *free* and really democratic, where fundamental human rights are fully guaranteed and the values of the people's free and dynamic cultural, moral and religious traditions have full scope to develop.

The third step is to appeal to the Russian people as a whole to ally themselves with those forces which are working to promote the freedom of the world and the freedom of Russia.

We still hope that this freedom may be attained in a peaceful way—through an internal collapse or a radical change of the regime of oppression now ruling the east of Europe. But the best way to peace is to be strong and truthful. Some form of recognition of the exiled governments of the satellite countries; the creation of a bond with the Red Army; the conversion of the Russian people into our allies, instead of making enemies of them in a potential conflict with bolshevism — these three elements will strengthen the position of Western civilization in the struggle for world peace and freedom.

NICA

Quill Confesses

WHEN IS a political leper? You would think that when a candidate for the Presidency is proven to be not the chosen leader of a legitimate political party but a tool in the hands of a group of quisling conspirators, he would instantly become an untouchable to all decent and honest men and women.

It would appear, however, that there are many thousands of voters, including educators, scientists, clergymen, writers, artists and businessmen, who do not react to political leprosy when they see it.

These blinded citizens, many of them leaders of public opinion, would apparently remain incurable even if Molotov or Stalin himself were to announce that the Kremlin had its own candidate in the American Presidential race, and that his name is Wallace.

For those whose eyes can be opened we now have such unimpeachable testimony as the confessional account of Michael J. Quill, international president of the Transport Workers Union, which admittedly has been under Communist domination for fourteen years.

Mr. Quill, it will be remembered, was one of the minority of eleven members of the national executive board of the CIO who voted in October, 1947 to support the Wallace third party movement. Quill had also attended the Communist caucus in the Hay-Adams Hotel in Washington the night before the CIO board meeting.

Mr. Quill now comes and deposes, in a formal interview with David McConnell of the *New York Herald Tribune,* that William Z. Foster, Eugene Dennis and Robert G. Thompson, Stalin's three top commissars in the Communist Party of the United States, had informed him that a third party would be formed "and Wallace would head it up," that a third labor federation in opposition to the CIO and the AFL would be launched by the Communist Party, and that the Communist leaders put party interests above those of union labor.

All of this, and more, has been retailed before in PLAIN TALK for June, 1948, in Victor Lasky's *Who Runs Wallace?* But we now have it officially confirmed by Quill himself.

Long before Wallace's colleagues and employers on the *New Republic* knew it, and apparently even before Wallace himself had made his final decision to run, the Kremlin's agents had sealed his political fate! It is apparent that they were sure of their ability to manipulate the Iowa puppet.

The true color of the so-called Progressive Party is now exposed for those who will see. It is nothing but a fungus on the political body of the nation. Its origin is no longer a matter of doubt. If truth went to the ballot box, the Wallace cohort would number on November 2 just about 100,000 voters, consisting of some 85,000 Communist Party members and perhaps 15,000 jobholders in unions and front organizations beholden to Communist bosses.

The question is how to purify our national atmosphere so that political leprosy will wither at its source.

I.D.L.

Is Zebulon Out?

TITO'S REVOLT against the Cominform's effort to bring him and his regime in Yugoslavia under tighter Kremlin control has prompted a great deal of speculative gossip among anti-Muscovite "leftists" in Europe about impending shakeups in Communist parties everywhere. Since everyone knows that the Communist Party of the U. S. A. rates very low in Moscow, largely because the Kremlin's informers in this country are afraid to give an accurate report of the American public's reactions to Soviet policies, this talk of shakeups abroad naturally prompts all observers of Communist doings to watch their publicity closely for signs of a local overhaul.

This writer has a feeling, scarcely more than a vague hunch, that a change was due here which has probably been postponed because of the indictment of the 12 top men by a Federal Grand Jury. My vague hunch is that William Zebulon Foster is to be given the rare privilege of an honorable retirement from the leadership of the party—instead of being slandered and smeared as a heretic, as Stalinist chiefs usually are when their removal has been decreed from Moscow — and that Eugene Dennis is to take his place.

I first got this impression from the *Daily Worker's* reports on the Communist Party convention in Madison Square Garden, in which Comrade Foster's talk was given routine treatment, but Dennis' remarks and doings were the substance of story after story. At the same time the *Daily Worker* started to publish Foster's autobiography. It struck me that Foster was being built up for retirement on a record of distinguished service; and that Dennis was being built up to take his place.

Then, in the *Daily Worker* of August 16, I found that veteran lady firebrand, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, in her review of convention happenings, giving Foster the same respectful bow in passing, and telling how the party is going to spread itself on Dennis. "We all felt," she wrote, "Comrade Dennis' fighting speech in reply to the indictment . . . was the high point of the evening. We are publishing one million copies of this fine speech." Later on she reports that "there will be 55,000 copies of Dennis' report to the convention published and more if needed." One has to read on quite a bit to find the sole reference to "Comrade Foster's brilliant summary" in a general roundup of minor contributions to the evening's entertainment, and to learn that there are no millions or even thousands of it to be distributed to the faithful.

If I ever saw a guy played up, it is Dennis; and if I ever saw a guy played down, it is W. Zebulon Foster. But for the first time in my 30-year reading of Communist publicity, I note that the play-down is merciful. Do you suppose the environment is corrupting the comrades and that they are going American?

The Purged Turn Purgers

THE out-from-under-treason movement in labor is reaching the proportions of a landslide. My guess is that within a year every union in which the leadership plays ball with the Stalinists will be purged, as the National Maritime Union has been by Joe Curran's heroic efforts, or will be forced out into a pro-Soviet league, from which the membership will dissolve away, as it is now doing from the Electrical Workers and the Mine, Mill and Smelter organization.

This dissolution is causing great pain just off Union Square. It's something that is hard to explain to Moscow. So there is rarely an issue of the *Daily Worker* in which the editor or the labor columnist, George Morris, does not rant about the "Red-baiters" who are making raids on the membership of "progressive" unions. Of course they hate Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, who got the rank and file to vote practically all the comrades and their friends out of administrative jobs in the world's biggest union at the last convention. But there is another lad in that organization whose pronouncements have hurt them more.

One of the big shots whom Reuther's purge pushed back into the rank and file because of his alleged affiliations with the Stalinist conspirators was vice-president Richard Leonard. His reduction from the swivel chair was something to weep over in Union Square; but the fact that he continued to control a caucus representing 100 Michigan locals and started at once to marshal his forces for a comeback, was something on which the Communist Party could pin a hope. Now those hopes are blasted; for it appears that Leonard long ago put out a statement, only recently published, in which he promised that "this group will not allow the Communist Party to have a voice in union affairs."

Loyal Reds in the Leonard following are now protesting loudly that this repudiation of communism did not have their consent, and the *Daily Worker's* Detroit correspondent reported that: "Outstanding leaders of anti-Reuther forces in the UAW expressed opposition to former Vice-President Richard T. Leonard's attempt to build a new group on a Red-baiting basis." The report then goes on to show that Leonard is very much a rat, although not long ago he was a workingman's Galahad in the *Daily Worker's* estimation. Actually, he is neither rat nor Galahad, but a run-of-the-mill labor politician who was a little late in discovering that the American workingman is just about done with leaders who follow the Stalinist bellwethers.

No Two in Step

So I've interested you in socialism, have I? Splendid. It is fully as fascinating as studying bugs under the great M. Fabre's guidance, but far less reassuring. Bugs are unswervingly faithful to their instincts and have to be tortured into nervous collapse to make them deviate from their bug-natures. The beginning of socialism is the denial of instinct and the repudiation of human nature. So the study of socialism is a study in aberrations. But forget that for the moment. With which kind of socialism would you like to start? Socialism in general? There is no such thing.

We have in this country seven varieties of mutually hostile and exclusive Socialists, if you include the Kremlin's stooges, which the other six will not. But, including these champions of state-serfdom for the sake of argument, we seem to have five groups that claim a monopoly on Karl Marx's "scientific socialism" and which nevertheless spit on each other's literature in public.

These thoughts have been inspired by reading *The Western Socialist,* published in Boston and spokesman for the World Socialist Party, no less. A contemptuous officer of another Socialist group tells me over the phone that the World Socialist Party has a total of 17 members in the United States. Just the same they get out a monthly digest-sized magazine, in which they claim the support of large numbers in Canada, Australia and Great Britain, and insist that they and no others are putting forth "scientific socialism."

In its most recent number *The Western Socialist* has published the first of a series of articles on heterodox socialistic groups. It starts with the oldest and toughest, the Socialist Labor Party, which has followed Daniel De-Leon's interpretation of Marx, and his original theories inspired thereby, for at least half a century. It's all hokum, says *The Western Socialist* in several thousand words; and the author promises to deal as ruthlessly with all other deviations from "scientific socialism" in coming numbers. "There is no arguing down the fact," he writes, "that the openly and avowedly capitalist parties, who spread no illusions as to where they stand on the question of a classless society, are less of a menace in the long run to the workers than the professed Socialists who have made a hodge-podge and a sham of Socialist theory."

Absorb that, brother, and decide how you want to start your induction into the great aberration.

The Counter-Revolution

A little more than a year ago the high command of the Congress of Industrial Organizations gave the Stalinists in its midst one of the first warnings that it was getting ready for a grand purge. It got rid of the editor of the weekly *CIO News,* and signed on a new one. The result was not so much a new look as a complete new character. The old *CIO News* was a sullen, ill-tempered, class-conscious publication, expressing views which the *Daily Worker* could quote with hearty approval. Any kind words for capitalism or sour cracks at collectivism would have found their way into that paper over the editor's corpse. Then abruptly it became a cheerful, friendly, tolerant paper, with things to say about the possible improvement of the free enterprise system which made the Stalinists boil, and increasingly frequent quips about Moscow.

One thing that is extremely rare in a publication that follows the Communist Party line is a reference to the hated Trotskyists. When such a reference occurs, it is a vicious attack. So, if a Stalinist reader had not known *The CIO News* had had a change of heart, he would have become sharply aware of it when he found in the issue of August 16 a reference to Farrell Dobbs, candidate for the Presidency on the ticket of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party —and without a suggestion of a smear.

The editor reminded his readers of the theory that when one Presidential candidate has double letters in his name and the other has not, the former is bound to win. "Now the theorists are of course interested to note that, as against Henry WaLLace and HaRRy Truman, Governor Thomas Dewey is seriously handicapped," says the editor. "But *The CIO News,* in an 'exclusive,' wishes to point out that there is another Presidential candidate who just can't lose, if the double letter theory must prevail. For he has three doubles. He is FaRReLL DoBBs, candidate of the Socialist Workers Party."

Of course there is a joke implied at Mr. Dobbs' expense; for all the votes he will get might or might not elect him mayor of a Nevada cowtown. But it is good-natured, and that in itself is irrefutable evidence that, though the purge of the CIO is by no means complete, the last trace of the vodka and caviar aroma has been aired out of *The CIO News.* So goes the counter-revolution.

It's A Gift

Those persons who have been privileged to hear Michael Quill, lord high panjandrum of New York's Transport Workers, are aware that he speaks a rich and beautiful dialect of the English language, completely uncontaminated by his long residence in this country. On the radio he is Mr. Dooley in person, and no promoter of such talent could hear him for more than thirty seconds without realizing that there isn't a soap, or a candy bar, or a cigarette that shouldn't be after paying Brother Quill lavishly to give a Dooleyesque comment on public affairs. What's wrong with this idea is that no sponsor would be intelligent enough to insulate Mr. Quill against their public relations geniuses and gag writers; and such professionals would impose ruinous inhibitions upon Mike's gift for colorful figures of speech.

A sample of his style is quoted in *The CIO News* of July 26, in which Mr. Quill is said to have described the *Daily Worker* as "a scandal sheet which oozes five days a week from a cesspool of anti-labor crackpots."

The fun of it is, of course, that Mr. Quill has only recently renounced collaboration with Stalinism and has thereby forced the Communist Party to jerk his statue out of its niche in the Red hall of fame and proclaim him a lost soul. They did it bitterly

enough, but they will never outslang a man with Mike Quill's relish for vituperation.

How Do They Get That Way?

THE ORGAN of our minority Trotskyist group, *Labor Action,* which is burdened with no sense of loyalty to the Socialist Motherland and with no obligation, therefore, to weep when Stalin discredits the great Russian experiment, got quite a little fun out of speculating on what would happen to the burly Lomakin for bungling the Kasenkina snatch. On the other hand *The Militant,* organ of the majority Trotskyist faction, is deeply mortified by the incident.

These gentry, it must be understood, perform two rites at the hour of prayer. They first prostrate themselves in the direction of Moscow, where Lenin and Trotsky set up the victorious revolutionary headquarters of world Marxism; and then rise, shake their fists and gnash their teeth in the same direction, wishing a horrible end to that ogre in the Kremlin who has turned the noble Bolshevik experiment into a savage travesty on applied Marxism.

That will, I hope, explain the very bitter tone of *The Militant's* utterly humorless comment on the Lomakin-Kasenkina case. It runs to about 500 words, but here is a fair sample: "The incident highlights the gangster character of the Kremlin ruling clique, the frightful degeneration of the Soviet Union since the days of its founding in 1917. It indicates how Stalinism provides capitalism with material for blackening genuine socialism by falsely identifying socialism with totalitarian terror."

For the benefit of the amateur psychologists among my readers, I must add that, if they think that *The Militant* with its deep concern for Bolshevism's and Mother Russia's fair names, speaks for a lot of Lower East Side aliens, they are wrong. It is the organ of the Socialist Workers Party, which will have candidates on the ballot in some states. Farrell Dobbs, its candidate for the Presidency, is, if I remember rightly, a native of Missouri. Dr. Grace Carlson, candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is a Minnesota girl and is, or was, or could be a Daughter of the American Revolution. Finally, *The Militant* is essentially the voice of a certain James Cannon, who was born and grew up in Kansas, cheek by jowl, as it happened, with the lately deposed Earl Browder, once Stalinist chieftain in the United States. Cannon differs from that suave hombre by having a face like that of a well-blasted granite cliff. His photograph would be a godsend to an artist who was illustrating a story about the sheriff of Black Gulch.

Nothing could be less American than the philosophy of this crew; nothing more American than the background of its leadership. "How do they get that way?" is inevitably the American plain citizen's comeback to such a story. This is very much like asking why a lot of unfortunates in confinement think they are Napoleon or Mary Queen of Scots, or why Henry Wallace thinks he's Gideon. It is a marvelously interesting study if you want to go in for it.

PETRONIUS MINOR

Wall Street and the Liberals

By VICTOR F. MORRIS

ALL THOSE who call themselves "liberals" are agreed that Wall Street is a good place to stay away from. Independent liberals or fellow-traveling "liberals," old-fashioned liberals or the totalitarian variety, on this issue they all sound alike. Newspaper columnists like Sylvia Porter, Samuel Grafton and Frank Kingdon; Congressmen like Adolph Sabath of Illinois and Senators like Glen Taylor of Idaho; labor leaders of various political shades, are all alike when they attack the speculators and the investment bankers.

Financial markets, they imply, are rigged by the insiders for their own profit, and small investors are sure to get fleeced. Investors are referred to as suckers, unless they are conspicuously successful, in which case they are called sharks, gamblers or worse. Accusations are not always specific, and proofs, as we shall see, are often highly circumstantial if not downright illogical; but the popular hostility to Wall Street is so strong that any charge is readily believed.

The liberals have a second article of faith, in apparent contradiction to the first. They all believe that corporate profits are "fabulous" and "fantastic," and they are convinced that prices can be lowered and wages raised by dipping into these profits. Now if corporate profits are so high, why is it not a good idea to buy the stocks to which these profits accrue? In gambling, the gains of the winners can be made only at the expense of the losers, since no new wealth is created; but in the stock market the gains may come from the profits of industry itself, and it is therefore possible for all participants to gain.

Profits are reported after taxes, salaries and operating expenses; they belong to the shareholders and nobody else. It is well known, moreover, that the shares of leading corporations are selling at prices that are low in relation to current earnings. Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, for example, which can be bought at about $20, earned $3.13 a share last year, which amounts to over 15 percent of the stock price. The shares are thus selling at less than seven times their annual earnings. This is a typical case, not an extreme one. Some stocks today are selling at only three times their 1947 earnings; earnings in such cases amount to as much as 40 percent of the stock price. Why then should the public be taught to regard a security exchange as a kind of gambling casino?

There is a catch. Nobody knows how long the high level of earnings will continue. Today's "fabulous" profits may turn into heavy losses tomorrow. But then what becomes of the liberals' demand that profits be pared down by taxes, price reductions and wage boosts? Industry must consider the long-term picture; it must calculate the average earnings over a period of years rather than temporary windfalls, in order to decide how much can be disbursed and how much

must be retained for expansion, maintenance, and contingencies. Would the liberals justify a price increase or a wage reduction if losses were incurred by industry?

Liberals say that a price-wage-tax squeeze on profits would tend to maintain full employment, thus stabilizing earnings at a safe level. The chief threat to our present economy, according to their view, is that prices will outstrip demand, unless demand is bolstered by wage increases and government spending, while prices are held in check by government controls. The old cry of the New Dealers for more purchasing power may have had its merits in the 1930s, but in the postwar period it is simply a song from another opera. For our present economy is not characterized by an insufficient demand for goods. On the contrary, we need more goods, not more purchasing power.

TO GET more goods, we must expand our productive facilities, which requires new venture capital. Furnishing venture capital is Wall Street's main job. A three-way squeeze on profits would dry up capital at its source. Tax pressure alone has already thinned out the supply of venture (or equity) capital. Because of the shortage of such capital in recent years, business has been increasingly obliged to finance its expansion by loans from banks, insurance companies and so forth, instead of through sale of common stock. Loans, however, are poor substitutes for venture capital; they create an unhealthy relationship between indebtedness and equity capital. They can be advanced soundly only when the risk element is slight, and then in small amounts in relation to the net assets of the borrower; but such amounts are insufficient for the needs of industry. Banks and insurance companies cannot be more liberal in their loan policies without jeopardizing the savings entrusted to them. Yet risk is always present in a capitalist economy; unless venture capital is more abundant the economy will stagnate. By adding to the fixed costs of industry, debt-financing creates a brittle economy which cannot adjust itself to either expansion or contraction.

The problem of venture capital in a dynamic economy is never discussed by the critics of Wall Street, although it is a problem which they have helped to create. Those so-called liberals who wish to establish a collectivist economy need not worry about capital; other critics, however, are cordially invited to offer some constructive suggestions.

Investors cannot be expected to consider the social effects of their decisions. They will not be induced to buy common stocks just because industry needs venture capital. Their economic function is effectively discharged only if they concentrate hard-headedly on the operating results and prospects of the various companies, their relative position, resources and management.

Incalculable billions of dollars might find their way into security markets if prejudices against Wall Street could be dispelled. These funds are presently held in cash deposits or savings bonds; they are tied up in small, inefficient and uneconomic businesses, many of which are superfluous and merely waste the resources of the country; or they are spent on luxury goods, for lack of attractive investment opportunities. The incentive of investment gain would divert funds to production, where they are needed, and away from consumption, where the pressure is already too great.

The anti-Wall Street bogey is based on an anachronism. The critics are not always aware that a great deal has happened since 1929. It is assumed that what was true then is true now, despite the Securities Act of 1933, the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935, and similar legislation enforced by the constant, careful supervision of the SEC. These reforms, ironically enough, were initiated by liberals in the early New Deal era, and their influence is so pervasive today that Wall Streeters cannot forget them for a moment; but today's liberals have forgotten the legislation, remembering only the conditions that gave rise to it. And the bull market of twenty years ago—for what relevance it may still have—is falsely caricatured as if it were a sinister conspiracy engineered by insiders, instead of the mass, uncontrolled speculative orgy that it was.

LIBERAL columnist Frank Kingdon, for example, recently wrote a piece around the theme that "the stock market is manipulated by experts who run it to make themselves a profit; the outsider who ventures to outguess them ends up owing them money," and his sole proof consisted of a cryptic remark allegedly made by Bernard Baruch in 1929, a remark which indicated that Mr. Baruch foresaw a break in stock prices at that time. Specifically, Mr. Baruch was said to have suggested to friends that they "buy 4 percent corporate bonds" and sell everything else they had in the market. From this and nothing more, Dr. Kingdon infers that (a) the entire market was rigged in 1929, and (b) it is rigged now, in 1948. Both inferences are unwarranted. Mr. Baruch's alleged warning does not even suggest that any conspiracy was afoot in 1929. That there was a great deal of manipulation in those days is of course indisputable; but this does not mean that the level of stock prices was primarily determined by manipulation, nor does it have any relevance to what is happening today.

Dr. Kingdon naively assumes that a correct forecast could only have been based on inside knowledge of market manipulation. Actually the analysts with the best records were those who avoided the dust and heat of speculative intrigue and looked only at the official reports of company earnings, production, prices, industrial position, and the like. These indices alone gave the warning. The closer you got to the frenzied atmosphere of the Street, the more you tended to ignore the importance of operating results. If stock prices seemed high in relation to earnings, why, that mattered little to the ticker-tape enthusiasts, since earnings would be higher next year, or at any rate people assumed they would be higher, and stock prices behaved accordingly. The exact opposite has been true in recent years. Stock prices are now low in relation to current earnings,

but investors assume that earnings will decline. The break in stock prices in September of 1946 was largely the result of this expectation, yet corporate profits have risen since then, and the much-advertised depression is not yet in sight.

The unwarranted comparison with 1929 is only one of the clichés. Another favorite trick is to blame every sharp break in prices on the short sellers. You don't need proof. He who profits from a disaster is suspected of arranging it; the short sellers profit from a market break; ergo, the shorts are guilty of arranging it.

When the market cracked on September 3, 1946, Representative Sabath made the usual charges against the short sellers. Vague accusations of manipulation are normally impossible to disprove; the burden of proof really lies with the accuser; but in response to the Congressman's demand, the SEC conducted an amazingly thorough investigation of all transactions involved in the sell-off on "Black Tuesday," and reported as follows:

> (1) No evidence that market prices depended at any moment on manipulative activities.
>
> (2) Nowhere does it appear that the over-all market action resulted from planned or concerted action by any group; nor do the activities of any group seem to have amounted to more than the free play of different opinions when to buy or when to sell.
>
> (3) The largest group of sellers on balance for the day consisted of members of the public and the largest group of buyers on balance consisted of investment trusts and other institutional purchasers.
>
> (4) Short sales accounted for only 1.5% of the day's volume. [where, oh where, were the "insiders"?]
>
> (5) Specialists, floor-traders, and member and non-member firms [in short, the so-called insiders] were buyers on balance during the day.

No wonder *The New York Times* called the sell-off an "outside job"!

Because the liberals do not appreciate the importance of security markets they echo the popular notion that it is wiser to retain cash, or to buy something "tangible" like a small business or real estate. The record of real estate is certainly no better than that of listed securities; and as for small business, the risk element there is comparable only to the more speculative common stocks. The man who buys a small business with borrowed money plus his own savings is actually speculating "on margin," since his own equity can be wiped out by a small fluctuation in values. Margin trading is so speculative that it was restricted on the market years ago—another important difference between 1929 and 1948, by the way.

As for cash, we all know that it, too, can fluctuate in value. Risk is unavoidable in our economy.

Sylvia F. Porter of the *New York Post*, our favorite liberal columnist on financial affairs, a tireless critic of Wall Street, has been obliged to recognize the dangers of small business and real estate as well. This is unusual, for critics of the stock market seldom disparage "tangible" investments. But faithful readers of her column would be persuaded to retain cash or government bonds and nothing else; inflation would leave them holding the bag. Miss Porter complains about inflation too, but though her pleas are eloquent they do not help the people who took her advice and held cash.

Liberals generally foresee depression and poor corporate earnings, but Miss Porter, objecting to an increase in steel prices, complains that "there is overwhelming evidence that Big Steel's earnings will remain at fabulously high levels for a long, long time." Well then, Miss Porter; the stock of U. S. Steel yields over 6 percent at present prices, yet its $5 dividend represents a conservative pay-out of less than 45 percent of current earnings, earnings which amounted to $11.71 per share last year and which you say "will remain at fabulously high levels for a long, long time." An attractive investment, it would seem—assuming that your premise is correct. Your readers might get a better conception of the stock market if you discussed listed securities like this one instead of fringe promotions like Tucker Corporation.

MANY of the myths about Wall Street which are echoed by the liberals originate with small businessmen who are embittered because they cannot compete with the large corporations. They cannot afford the elaborate equipment or the high-powered advertising and promotion. Running through their propaganda is the familiar contradiction: big business has unlimited resources and earns fantastic profits—but to buy its stock and thus participate in big business would be "gambling."

It is easier and less expensive to invest in a large company than a very small one. You can buy shares in leading corporations for less than a hundred dollars, but you could not buy the corner newsstand for that kind of money. Shares in large companies can also be sold more easily. No drawn-out negotiations, no lawyers, no bickering; a simple telephone call does the trick. But it is precisely this virtue of the stock market which encourages some to gamble.

A man who buys a grocery store cannot ordinarily sell it to someone else the following week, so he appraises it very carefully before buying. He looks at the competitive situation, at consumers' habits and every other factor affecting the business. The security investor *should* do the same thing, for he too is participating in a business. But unfortunately some people do not look at it that way. They "play the market;" they try to anticipate other people's judgments. Instead of analyzing their investments they try to psychoanalyze their fellow-investors. These psychoanalysts are the dominant breed in a bull market, and their volatile behavior is always a disturbing influence; but to condemn the entire stock market because of them would be as illogical as to condemn automobiles because some drivers are careless.

The "participation-in-business" approach faces another obstacle within the financial community itself. Small stockholders are either uninterested in management policies or they hold the defeatist view that nothing can be done about them, even though the combined proxies of the small stockholders may constitute a majority. Here is where militant liberals are needed. Under their leadership the

small stockholders could be induced to play a more active role in the management of big business.

The interests of management and stockholders do not always coincide. For example, management may pay niggardly dividends despite large earnings, enabling the company to expand out of surplus, or simply to pile up useless reserves. Investors are thus deprived of their initiative in deciding which company shall get capital and which shall not. This is the basic social function of investors; it cannot be transferred to management without injury to the economy. Investors seek the optimum allocation of capital throughout the economy with no particular loyalty to company or industry, while management is naturally partial to its own company, even though that company may be producing less efficiently than others. Liberals who believe in capitalism will agree that investors should win out on this issue.

Nor is this the only type of conflict between shareholders and management. The Kaiser-Frazer vs. Otis Company affair, particularly the allegation about Permanente Metals Company, illustrates another. This sort of thing would be discouraged if stockholders were habitually more alert. The liberals among them, along with liberal periodicals, commentators, columnists and the like, could wake up the stockholders if they would descend into the market place instead of remaining aloof.

The Halfway Stop

THE World Council of Churches, meeting in Amsterdam, vigorously condemned both capitalism and communism as incapable of insuring freedom and justice in the world. . . . Capitalism has its faults, to be sure. . . . But in the Communist state of Russia more than 12 million people in slave labor camps are starved, beaten and made to work under inhuman conditions until they die of sheer exhaustion. . . . Mass murder and terror are the official weapons of the state. That is communism—and to compare its horrendous crimes with the misdemeanors of capitalism is to violate every standard of ethical judgment. . . .

There is a grave question of whether freedom of religion — or freedom generally — can exist under any system except capitalism. Under capitalism power is fragmented. Labor organizations have power, the church has power, industry has power, the government has power and many other institutions have power. They tend to check each other. . . . The World Council may favor some form of socialism, but there is very convincing evidence that socialism, which concentrates economic and political power in the hands of a single group, is only a halfway stop on the way to a totalitarian state. Inevitably the Socialist managers are compelled to seek more and more power in order to meet growing economic crises caused by their own mistakes.

LAWRENCE FERTIG, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, September 13, 1948

OPERATION DONALD DUCK

— *And How to Beat It*

By JAMES RORTY

ABOUT A MONTH ago I received an appeal from a group of embattled university professors asking me to help them defend academic freedom against the attacks of a Red-hunting committee of the state legislature. Two weeks ago I received a similar communication from another group. Recently the Un-American Activities Committee has announced that it will shortly investigate the teaching staffs of universities. Evidently the academic Red-hunt is accelerating, and it promises to be a very unpleasant business.

For every authentic Communist these legislative investigators flush out of his academic nest, there are ordinarily a half dozen gullible innocents who have been victimized almost equally by their limiting absorption in their specialized disciplines, by a deficient realization of their own political naiveté, and by the conniving of the crypto-Communist foxes whose brushes the investigators rarely nail to the barn door.

Always, some of these innocents are good teachers and loyal citizens whom their colleagues feel in honor bound to defend. But the defense campaign, ordinarily undertaken by committees of professors who utilize large mailing lists of miscellaneous liberals in order to bring national pressure on the local situation, is seldom edifying.

What happens is that the Communists and their sympathizers demand and get the help of many whose political views may be quite conservative, but who will defend the "right" of Communists to conduct political infiltration and propaganda that aims to destroy the democratic institutions to which appeal is made. Non-Communist writers are invited to add to the din of a kind of Donald Duck bill-of-rights hysteria that has become the standard liberal routine for such occasions—and that has less and less to do with the case. Is it surprising that some of us have stopped answering such letters, especially when we note the names of well-known fellow-travelers on the defense committee? Why do liberals still collaborate helplessly with totalitarians in the destruction of their own status and function? How did they come to get themselves into such a ridiculous position?

I think I know, because I learned the hard way, back in the early thirties when Operation Donald Duck was being whipped into shape by cynical Communist manipulators on the literary and artistic front. Seventeen years ago I was going through those same routines.

One of those occasions was in the spring of 1932. Prompted about equally by their real distress and by the instigations of Communist agitators, the Veterans' Bonus Army had just been run out of Washington by General MacArthur, acting on the orders of President Hoover. The af-

fair was mishandled. A smart politician would have instituted the appropriate emergency relief measures and then walked on foot into the bonus marchers' camp to announce them.

That, in effect, was what I, with two other writers, representing one of the Communist-liberal united fronts of the period, told the White House secretariat—we were not permitted to see the President. What we did not say (but what Mr. Hoover probably knew, since he was then as now a highly intelligent, informed and patriotic American) was that we were in effect stooging for an on-the-make foreign totalitarianism, not in the least interested in the welfare of our veterans, but very much interested in making political capital of their distress.

IT TOOK ME nearly two years to get that through my head. By the spring of 1933, however, I had educated myself considerably. I had learned that the American Communist Party was neither democratic nor autonomous; that it was the strictly controlled instrument of a totalitarian police state whose headquarters were in Moscow. And I had learned how to distinguish the Socialist and liberal flowers from the totalitarian bees. I was no longer a sucker for the "united front" which I had entered in the 1932 election along with other Socialists, thereby anticipating the stupidity of the Italian Nenni Socialists by some fifteen years.

Utilizing this newly acquired knowledge, I wrote a long memorandum resigning as secretary of the League of Professional Groups (born the League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford; Thomas Benton always insisted on calling it the League of Professional Gropers). I also recommended the dissolution of the organization, which was one of the first of a long series of Communist-instigated committees of writers and other professional people.

For all these transmission belt organizations the formula of Communist capture and control was the same then as it is now. They picked innocent or complaisant liberals and Socialists for "front" names, but were careful to staff the key bureau positions with loyal party members, whom the organization, in effect, paid for spying and sabotaging. Then in case of a bust-up, such as happened to the LPG in the spring of 1933, they were in position to scamper off with the cash-box and the membership list.

Anybody who got stuffily moral about such things was reviled, not just as a bourgeois sentimentalist, but as a "Fascist and a literary prostitute in the pay of William Randolph Hearst." I recall that the *Daily Worker* honored me with this stereotyped denunciation a few years later, after I had done my best to throw a monkey-wrench into the Communist-controlled Congress of American Writers, of which Archibald MacLeish was then serving as chairman.

DURING the middle thirties a group of New York Socialists and liberals attempted to organize a third force on the intellectual front. We called it the League for Cultural Freedom. Few of its members had been even fellow-travelers; most of them were just

people who had been bilked and battered in their attempts to cooperate with Communists in various political and trade union united fronts; many of them were college teachers.

The attempt came to nothing much. One reason was our lack of money; we had no Moscow gold. But I suspect the chief reason for the failure of this and other early attempts to organize non-Communist intellectuals was our inability to agree on the obligations entailed by our citizenship in a capitalist democracy, or on the position occupied by the Communists in the political spectrum.

Were we, as liberals and Socialists, prepared to work exclusively through the democratic processes of representative government? Did we acknowledge the right and obligation of such a government to defend its sovereignty against the attempt of Moscow's Fifth Column to utilize democratic institutions to destroy democratic institutions? Was the Communist Party a legitimate American political party, responsive to the will of its American membership? If not—and none of us believed that it was—why were we obligated to invoke the Bill of Rights in behalf of the Communist Party and insist upon its right to appear on the ballot?

Because the dead hand of Karl Marx lay heavy upon us, we were never able to give clear answers to these questions; nor to a complementary set of questions that went like this: Is communism a party of the political left, or is it, like fascism, a party of the reactionary right? Admittedly, both systems rest on police terrorism, concentration camps, forced labor, the extinction of all the essential political and civil freedoms, and the submergence of all truth and inquiry into truth in an official propaganda. Would it not be accurate, therefore, to regard fascism and communism as factions, sometimes in alliance, and sometimes in opposition, on the extreme right of anti-democratic reaction? And on the international scene, would it not be equally accurate to designate nazism and communism as competing totalitarian imperialisms equally bent on destroying the painfully acquired democratic heritage of Western civilization?

IT IS interesting to speculate about what might have happened if the attempts made during the late thirties to organize non-Communist intellectuals in the universities and elsewhere had been successful; if, for example, we had had the Marshall Field money that went into *PM*, and if, to put it plainly, we had been a little less muddle-headed.

I doubt that today there would be so much "Red-baiting" by legislative investigation committees—for the reason that there would be fewer Reds to "bait," as well as somewhat greater sophistication among faculties and students. Conceivably, if a third force on the intellectual and educational front had been successfully organized during the middle thirties, college faculties might have undertaken then to do positively what the legislative Red-hunters are now trying to do negatively.

Consider how little they have done thus far. In how many colleges and universities do we find adequate

courses, taught by politically sophisticated non-Communist scholars, in the history of the Russian Revolution, of the Communist International and of radical political parties in this country? Can anyone who has watched the campus antics of Communist-controlled student front organizations—including the "Students for Wallace"—doubt the need for such instructions?

It seems to me that the time is now ripe to renew the attempt that failed in the mid-thirties, to build a positive anti-Communist front in the colleges. Seemingly, the events of the past fifteen years should have educated even the professors. Especially with respect to the Donald Duck technique. By this time any faculty member who won't recognize that one coming up has something the matter with his head.

But until the defense of the genuine liberal position in the colleges is organized along positive lines by liberals who are politically sophisticated—instead of along negative and obsolete lines by fellow-travelers or innocents — Operation Donald Duck will be launched successfully every time a legislative probe goes into action.

THIEF AT THE BACK DOOR

By WILLARD PRICE

THE RISING WAVE of communism in Latin America has as its final objective not Latin America, but the United States. Peru's astute liberal leader, Haya de la Torre, refers to Latin America as the back door to the United States and adds,

"We have a saying that by the back door comes not only the cook — but also the thief. Imagine what would happen in case of a shooting war, with the Communists in a position to pounce on the Panama Canal."

Communism has been considered a peril in the United States. But Latin America, with the same population as the United States, has nearly seven times as many Communists. It has been estimated that there are about 300,000 Communists in South America, 200,000 in Central America and the Caribbean, and 74,000 in the United States.

It is significant that Communist strength in Latin America is concentrated in two strategic areas. One is Brazil. The other is the area about the Panama Canal.

Brazil is recognized by the Communists today as the European bridgehead to America, just as it was by Hitler when he planned to invade the Western Hemisphere by way of Dakar and Natal. In Brazil, the focus of communism in the Western world, there are more Communists than in all the rest of the Americas, including the United States. The Communist Party of Brazil cast 600,000 votes in 1945 and put 15 deputies and a senator into Congress. (By way of comparison: the largest Communist vote ever cast in the United States was 102,000 in 1932.) In the election of January, 1947, the Communist vote grew to 800,000 and elected eight state governors. The party was then outlawed, but is reputed to be working underground with greater vigor than ever.

In the Panama sector is little Cuba, standing like a gate before the canal, and more strongly communistic than any other Latin country except enormous Brazil. Cuba's Communist leaders were trained in Moscow. The Communists are in a position to bend Cuba to their will in case of emergency through their labor union control of basic industries — sugar and tobacco.

ONE HOUR'S flight from the canal, in Venezuela, the Soviet diplomatic mission is one of the largest in the Americas, and Communists are industriously propagandizing about "rapacious Yankee slaveholding," preparatory to cutting off oil shipments to "anti-Russian" countries when the great moment arrives.

"The campaign is becoming more intense every day," states an appeal to the United States Government signed by 50 leading American businessmen in Venezuela. "In the press (the Communists control many newspapers, including the one with the largest circulation in Caracas), over the radio and at extreme radical meetings. As a result, United States prestige is declining, both among those who sympathize with the Communist movement and also among friendly Venezuelans. Our people are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain their normal activities, and we can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that in Venezuela the Communists are meeting with alarming success in the achievement of their ultimate aim."

In Colombia, immediately next door to Panama, the Communists are said to number only 10,000. Yet theirs was a leading role in the bloody attempt of April, 1948, to disrupt the Pan-American Conference of Bogota. By control of the oil workers' union, Colombia's Communists are ready to cut off a strategic resource in case of war. Not only oil workers but most labor unions in the country are subject to them, since they have the chief voice in the Colombian Federation of Workers.

As we go south, farther from the canal, the Communists are less strong, although in the southernmost country, Chile, they have several times paralyzed production of copper and nitrates as well as railways and shipping. Again, notice that they pick activities that would have key importance in war.

In Panama itself, where one well-dropped bomb could block passage from ocean to ocean, the extension of the treaty allowing the U. S. the use of 13 bases for the defense of the canal was frustrated by Communist-led demonstrations spark-plugged by students of the Soviet-tinged University of Panama.

"Don't fear the Yankees, because the U.S.S.R. will always help us," declaimed a speaker at a university rally preceding an anti-Yankee riot.

COSTA RICA, adjoining Panama on the north, was invaluable during the last war as a nearby source of food, quinine and other supplies for American garrisons in the Canal Zone. That

it may not be so useful the next time, Communists have infiltrated the country and have been active in the revolution of 1948 destroying Costa Rica's long record of democracy.

Close both to the United States and Panama, as well as to any prospective canal through Nicaragua or Tehuantepec, is Mexico where in April, 1948, nine great Communist-inspired labor unions united in a defamatory campaign to arouse the Indian masses against "American oppressors."

"In my country," says Haya de la Torre of Peru, "the Communists are solidly aligned with the great landlords, the chiefs of nationalist industry and development. The Reds side with them to strike out against foreign capital. In Argentina they are aligned with the Peronista dictatorship—it is a chance for them to foment hatred and capitalize on strife. In Brazil they are with Vargas, the ex-dictator." And he adds that in the Costa Rican revolution, "we find the dictatorship of Costa Rica and the Communists aided by the dictators of Nicaragua, Honduras and the Dominican Republic. Everywhere, the Fascists, the dictators and the Communists are working together against liberty-loving people."

The reactionary character of totalitarian government in the Soviet Union, and its readiness to league with reactionary elements in other lands, should be made plain to the masses of Latin America struggling toward freedom. The United States can join with liberal Latin Americans in a hemisphere-wide campaign as militant as that of the Communists. The basis has already been laid by the wartime Office of Inter-American Affairs, now succeeded by the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, which cooperates with local agencies in the fields of health, agriculture, industry, technical education and training for citizenship. Newspapers, books and motion pictures are used to explain the principles of democracy. Liberal leaders are trained. Government officials are frequently quite willing to adopt measures of social improvement, and welcome assistance in putting these into effect.

Soviet alliance with dictatorships leaves wide open to the great democracies the opportunity to league themselves sincerely and solidly with the liberal forces of Latin America.

A Tragic Legacy

THE MILLION or more European DPs, uprooted human beings without country, home or reliable means of livelihood, are one of the most tragic legacies of the late war. The very existence of such a large group of pariahs, in the fourth year after the end of hostilities, represents a double indictment. It is a tremendous, unanswerable testimonial against the Soviet system of government, because so many of the displaced persons have deliberately chosen a bleak, cheerless exile in preference to life in a Communist-dominated country.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN in *Human Events,* September 15, 1948

BOOKMAN'S HORIZON

Police State Pattern

By EUGENE LYONS

BEING an unscholarly sort, this reviewer approached the hefty volume by Ruth Fischer, *Stalin and German Communism,* in a determined homework spirit. Nearly 700 pages, priced at eight dollars, academic in format and bearing the imprimatur of Harvard University, it seemed a challenge to patience and industry. But amazingly I found myself engrossed in the sheer drama of the struggle it recounts, fascinated by the close-up view of the transformation, in a few crowded years, of an idealistic movement into a squalid and bloody power racket.

The book is utterly serious and elaborately documented. It tells a highly complex story with the whole planet as its setting. But it reads easily. The author shows great skill in tracing the main threads of enduring meaning through the welter of events and personalities. Though these events do not go beyond 1929, though most of the protagonists are dead, the record sounds as current as another Cominform blast against Tito or a confession of error by Gomulka.

The techniques worked out by Stalin in his climb to sole authority have become standard for his monolithic party, its branch offices in all countries, its accredited agents of all nationalities. This book enables us to watch from the inside, through the eyes of a participant in the drama, the development of the modern bureaucratic police state, the birth of totalitarianisms.

There is a lot of autobiography in this history. Ruth Fischer (born Eisler, a sister of Gerhardt and Hanns Eisler who made headlines in America in recent months) was herself one of the central characters in the story she tells. Among the founders of the Communist parties of Austria and Germany, chief of the Berlin party organization and then Secretary-General of the whole German party, a member of the Presidium of the Communist International, she was in the high command of world bolshevism.

With Arkadi Maslow, she headed the Left Opposition in Germany—the extension in that country of the Trotsky-Zinoviev forces inside Russia—and shared the persecution, smearing and ultimate defeat that came to all those who stood athwart Stalin's path to absolute power. Excommunicated from the official Communist "church" in 1926, she has devoted her brilliant mind and awe-inspiring energies to fighting Stalinism and blowing on the embers of the revolutionary period.

Considering the extent of her personal involvement in this history, she shows herself remarkably impersonal in recounting it. The Maslow-Fischer heresy is a vital and at times dominant element in the pageant of hopes,

despairs and ugly intrigues which she chronicles, but Ruth Fischer as an individual does not obtrude. Even the period when she was forcibly detained in Moscow under constant police surveillance is treated as merely one more minor episode in the deepening terror within the world Communist movement.

The subtitle of the book, *A Study in the Origins of the State Party,* provides the key to its contents and purpose. As the author sees it, the hierarchic controls developed by Stalin, essentially police controls embellished with ideological pretenses, gave the world the prototype for the Fascist party-state. "His [Stalin's] methods, the ruthless extermination of every opposition, became the studied model of every pimpled Nazling."

Stalin's insistence that state control of economy was equal to "socialism," regardless of its exploitation of the workers and other human values, is for Ruth Fischer the basic perversion of the original hopes and aspirations. "This identification of state industry with socialism," she declares, "is the premise on which Stalin built his original and far-reaching theory of socialism in one country, the first fully developed statement of national socialism, the totalitarian state and its party monopoly."

She traces the losing fight of her German party for a measure of autonomy within the Communist International. She shows how a supposedly equal member in the family of parties was converted, by all the devices of Stalinism in action — from lying and forgery to bribes and murder — into a subservient creature of the Russian

DISCUSSED THIS MONTH

STALIN AND GERMAN COMMUNISM. A Study in the Origins of the State Party. By Ruth Fischer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 687 pages. $8.00

THE STILWELL PAPERS. By General Joseph W. Stilwell. Edited and arranged by Theodore H. White. New York: William Sloane Associates. 355 pages. $4.00

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA. By John King Fairbank. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 384 pages. $3.75

Communist Party. But this Russification of the party in Germany, this evolution of a native political movement into a fifth column, was not an isolated phenomenon. It was one segment of a worldwide Russification of the miscalled International, in line with the transformation in Russia itself.

REFERRING TO the submission of her German party to Kremlin dictation in 1925, Ruth Fischer writes: "This first intervention in German Communist affairs was a pattern for many that were to follow, on all levels of all parties and of the International, and later in liberated countries."

Since she set down these words we have had a striking repetition of the pattern in Yugoslavia, even down to such a detail as this, 23 years ago: "Perhaps the most absurd section of this Stalinist intervention was its unctuous defense of party democracy."

The total "discipline" demanded from Tito today is precisely the kind which the Left Opposition in Germany, and later the Lovestone-Gitlow

opposition in the United States, refused to accept in the past. The telling difference is that Marshal Tito, besides being head of a Communist party, has an army of 800,000 and a secret police apparatus modeled on Moscow's at his disposal. It is interesting to speculate what the history of the Maslow-Fischer deviation might have been had it possessed not only a party but a government with the proper appurtenances of physical force.

As was to be expected, the author idealizes the men and the movement of the pre-Stalin period. The early Bolsheviks, she says, "were first of all men of principle." Inner party discussions might be bitter, but they were relatively free and defeat did not carry with it the stigma of treason or the punishments of exile and liquidation.

"Lenin's companions were fanatically devoted to a cause, but they were free from any hint of a Fuehrer fixation; Lenin was able to enforce his authority only by dint of rigorous logic, pounded indefatigably into the resistant heads of men who shared his all-consuming faith in socialism and respected him as one leader among others. Not only was there not automatic unanimity; it was not automatic that Lenin held the majority. He had to struggle with men of almost equal caliber to win his point, and that he did usually win had nothing to do with the threat of a GPU standing behind his chair."

All of which is essentially true. Yet we have a right to inquire whether the seed of the police state was not inherent in Lenin's doctrine of a revolutionary elite acting, without democratic mandate, in the name of the people. David Shub's interpretive biography of Lenin certainly supports the theory that Stalinism was a magnification and grotesque distortion of Leninism rather than a repudiation of Leninism.

THE MOST absorbing portions of this fine book are those that reflect Stalin's genius for intrigue and manipulation. His bag of tricks makes Machiavelli look like an amateur, including every conceivable variation of flattery and raw force, devilish cleverness and crude falsifications, subtle finessing and unsubtle brutality: "Each group is promised what it wants most and threatened with what it most fears, and thus the collective is disintegrated into conflicting subgroups, each angling for Stalin's favor."

Alleged principles, policies, texts from the holy fathers became, with the emergence of Stalin, simply tools for the building of his supreme control. He revised them and juggled them to meet the exigencies of the moment; expropriated the slogans and the programs of defeated rivals; endowed old words with new meanings that were sometimes the direct opposites of the original meanings. He could do this so successfully, according to the author, because the Russian conditions, profoundly unsuited to the original Marxist hope, were propitious for the creation of a police state.

"Determined to hold a power that had been acquired under different prospects," she writes, the Bolsheviks "reached the point where they could maintain it only by adjusting the Soviet regime to the paradox that a

party of revolutionary internationalism ruled over a country unfit for the realization by itself of a socialist society."

Stalin and German Communism can be recommended unreservedly to those Americans who recognize the Stalinist power complex as the most important force in the present world. We need to know its origins, its methods and its temper in order that we may be better equipped to confront its menace.

China House on Dead End Street

By ALFRED KOHLBERG

IN THOSE simple-minded days before Russia signed the Atlantic Charter and before we had both won and lost World War II, a play ran on Broadway that expressed the agony of the $8.80 per seat mink coats over the hardships of life just around the corner. It was called *Dead End,* and dramatized the twisted pattern of life on a one-way street that ended only in the river.

In these same wistfully remembered years, according to the testimony of Alger Hiss, his Harvard alumni brethren were moving into Washington. He told the Congressional Committee that he had met some of them again in the AAA. Others, known to Mr. Hiss but not mentioned in his testimony, were taking up residence in what might be called China House, on the dead end street of communism. Moving in and out of the State Department, the OWI, the OSS, Army and Navy Intelligence, Yenching University (Harvard-in-China), the China correspondents section of the press, and such study groups as the Foreign Policy Association, the Council on Foreign Relations and the Institute of Pacific Relations, they nevertheless always kept a room on the dead end street as their ideological voting residence.

Among these frequenters of China House, on the street named Dead End, were Theodore H. White and John King Fairbank, responsible for two recent books which metropolitan reviewers have hailed as, respectively, the true story of World War II in the Far East and "the book to end all books on China."

White progressed out of Harvard through the Institute of Pacific Relations and to *Time* in the days of its heaviest infiltration. At present a favorite with the fellow-traveling Book Find Club, he struck pay-dirt when the Book of the Month Club sponsored *Thunder Out of China,* his previous book written in collaboration with Annalee Jacoby.

The Stilwell Papers, as edited by White, presents General Stilwell in his most unfavorable "Vinegar Joe" aspect, as the man who could get along with no one, and who doubted the competence and motives of everyone, even including himself. The excerpts from the General's diaries could not have been selected with a better eye to whitewashing the Chinese Communists and defaming Chiang Kai-shek and the National Government. For example:

"The Communists *cannot* compromise. If they give up their military organization, they'll be massacred."

"This is going beyond all bounds. This insect, this stink in the nostrils [Chiang Kai-shek] superciliously inquires what we'll do, who are breaking our backs to help him, supplying everything . . . training his lousy troops, bucking his bastardly chief of staff, and general staff, and he the Jovian Dictator, who starves his troops and who is the world's greatest ignoramus, picks flaws in our preparations and hems and haws about the Navy, God save us."

Compare this with General Wedemeyer's testimony to the U. S. House of Representatives: "I went to China prepared not to trust him [Chiang Kai-shek] or to like him, but I left China with the highest regard and admiration for that man."

In contrast to General Stilwell's opinion of Chinese Nationalist fighting ability, take this excerpt selected by editor White, which Stilwell wrote after he had seen a movie at the Russian Embassy:

"What a fight the Russians have made. The nation has obviously found itself. Twenty years of work and struggle. Results: tough physique; unity of purpose; pride in their accomplishments; determination to win. . . . Compare it with the Chinese cesspool. A gang of thugs with the one idea of perpetuating themselves and their machine. Intrigue, double-crossing, lying reports."

Perish the thought of applying these choice epithets to Stalin's upright servants of the Vishinsky-Lomakin type! Nor could Stilwell have foreseen that on September 11, 1948, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union would denounce "the thieves of public property, grafters, bureaucrats, boastful snobs, subservient individuals and rottenness" in Russia.

Another White selection from Stilwell: "The Chinese Red Cross is a racket. Stealing and sale of medicines is rampant. The army gets nothing. Malnutrition and sickness is ruining the army; the higher-ups steal the soldiers' food."

Yet this same army, under General Wedemeyer, drove back the Japs 21 months later.

STILWELL'S story, as a picture of the war in China and the forces involved in it, is questioned in General Chennault's memoirs, which charge to Stilwell misunderstanding, incompetence and lack of frankness. But the real importance of this book to one studying the new American Dead End scholarship of the Harvard-Marxist school lies in the omissions and misrepresentations of editor White. The value of his long interpolations in *The Stilwell Papers* is questionable except as propaganda.

In addition to interpolating, White seems to have deleted certain passages from the diary—particularly the substance of the Roosevelt demands on Chiang Kai-shek, quite generally known and set out at length in an article in *Fortune* magazine for February, 1948. White says of this tele-

gram, which General Stilwell personally translated and handed to Chiang Kai-shek:

"On this day (Sept. 19, 1944) a telegram arrived at U. S. Army Headquarters from Franklin D. Roosevelt for Chiang Kai-shek; Gen. Stilwell was instructed to deliver it personally. Its precise text has never been revealed."

It seems highly improbable that Stilwell would have failed to mention in his diary the matter of this important telegram, sent by the President on his recommendation—for the diary set down many inconsequential details and thoughts. White neglected to delete a diary item dated January 8, 1943, in which Stilwell said, "I warned George [Marshall] . . . and have prepared an ultimatum for the Peanut [Chiang Kai-shek] to be sent from Washington if George agrees. If we . . . threaten to get out lock, stock and barrel — we may gain enough to offset this weaseling." Twenty months later, when General Marshall had finally been induced to make these threats, came the famous telegram, the contents of which White omitted. But he does quote Stilwell as saying (p. 341), "I was not responsible for the September 19 note."

PROF. JOHN KING FAIRBANK — also of Harvard — appeared on the radio to praise *Thunder Out of China* by White and Jacoby. They, in turn, praise him on the jacket of *The United States and China.* All three writers have been selected again and again to defend the Chinese Communists in radio debates. Fairbank's book has also been hailed by such other apologists for Mao Tse-tung's so-called "agrarians" as Richard E. Lauterbach and Owen Lattimore.

But it is another thing that Sumner Welles wrote the introduction to the book, recommending it as giving the average American an understanding of "what makes the Chinese political, social and economic machine function." Welles would probably be the first to deny any claim to expertship on China and therefore to any competence to express an opinion on the soundness of Prof. Fairbank's presentation. His introduction, however, is a valuable piece of promotion and will help sell the book to professors specializing in international affairs. Many a well-meaning educator will thus distort the viewpoints of the rising generation of students, who will be surprised to learn some day that the Chinese Communists have been among the most disciplined followers of Kremlin orders and have publicly proclaimed themselves, even throughout the war, as our implacable enemies.

As a minor illustration of this phenomenon, we might cite some of the visiting lecturers at Mount Holyoke College's Institute on the United Nations this summer—Alger Hiss, Owen Lattimore, Joseph Barnes and Victor Bernstein of the *New York Star,* and Vera Micheles Dean of the Foreign Policy Association. The young ladies there were probably convinced that we could get along "swell" with the Soviets, if we could only overcome their suspicions of us!

This is the thirteenth in a series of condensations of great works from the past dealing with the issue of state socialism vs. democratic individualism. In these digests we bring to our readers the forecasts of long-neglected thinkers who foresaw the modern retreat from freedom to slavery.

Robert Louis Stevenson

WHILE WORKING for a science degree at the University of Edinburgh, Robert Louis Stevenson joined a group known as the Speculative Society, studying positivism in philosophy and socialism in politics. He rose to be president of the circle. "I am no more ashamed," wrote Stevenson in later years, "at having been a red-hot Socialist with a panacea of my own than at having been a sucking infant. Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked around a little to convince you of the fact. And in the meanwhile you must do something, be something, believe something."

It was at college, therefore, that young Stevenson caught the disease, as so many boys still do. In the 70s few people, aside from some of his teachers, knew what socialism was. But Stevenson had been conditioned to the acceptance of the doctrine, or something like it, by the Calvinistic atmosphere of his family environment; and though he could never throw off the ethical burden of this particular form of old-time religion he did revolt against the dogma itself. He would not remain a Calvinist. He became, instead, a Socialist. This switch was an affair of sympathy rather than reflection. It did not affect the main business of his life, which was writing; it was just the way he squared himself with his conscience.

The man who showed Stevenson what doing something socialistically would be like was Henry Hyndman, one of the founders of the (Social) Democratic Federation and the composer of its manifesto, "England for All," in 1881. This production was made up of bits and pieces taken directly from Marx, without any acknowledgment whatever. Marx, in a towering rage, broke with Hyndman. Stevenson spoofed the whole business in a letter to one of his friends:

"There is a person called Hyndman whose eye is on me; his step is beHynd me as I go."

In 1884 a wing of the Federation split off and organized a new group called the Socialist League, and at the same time a third group, which was soon to become the Fabian Society (half the members of the British Parliament today are Fabians), appeared. With the publication of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* in 1887, socialism was definitely in politics.

STEVENSON, then 37 (born November 13, 1850), was faced with the necessity of reconsidering his position. He had made no public commitments as a Socialist; it was still a matter of conscience, and now that the Socialist movement seemed to be booming along, the question of whether he believed in this new dogma sufficiently to act according to it puzzled him. He was very ill with tuberculosis that year. He had the time, and he thought the problem through. The answer was written down painfully in 1887 in a long essay, "The Day After Tomorrow," his only sustained piece of political writing. There is no further treatment of socialism, beyond a few bare allusions, in Stevenson's works. This was his final word on the subject.

A strain of apology runs through it. He was blowing up one of the dreams of his youth, but he had to. The same conscience which made a Socialist of him in the first place drove him to examine all of the arguments, point by point. In spite of Stevenson's modesty "The Day After Tomorrow" is a truly remarkable piece of work, and nowhere in the huge critical literature of socialism has the basic argument against that new dogma been so clearly defined. Socialism breeds war. Socialism substitutes public (or state) competition for private competition. Under socialism a nation does not, like an individual, go peacefully through the wringer of bankruptcy; it always tries to shoot its way out.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON died at the age of 44, ending a life of feverish travel in search of a climate suitable for his delicate health. Wandering back and forth across the Old World, across the Atlantic as an emigrant, then across the United States from coast to coast (still as an emigrant), finally, when success came to him as a writer, he bought a yacht and wandered across the Pacific. In 1890 he settled in Samoa, where four years later the silent enemy, tuberculosis, from which he had been fleeing so long, caught up with him.

Among the major writers of the past century Stevenson is unique for his gift of clarity and precision; he never wrote an obscure line either in verse or prose. He was essentially a romantic, as all lovers of freedom are, but there is never any doubt of what he means to say. He is perhaps the least difficult of modern authors to read—and those who look for a reason can find it in his preliminary training as a scientist. The first literary award Stevenson received was a medal from a learned society for a technical paper, "A New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses." Civil engineering was the family profession of the Stevensons. Young Stevenson began by taking it up in obedience to parental authority.

Practically all modern collections of Stevenson's essays have been edited by literary men, and this brilliant exposition of the consequences of socialism is invariably omitted. One has to dig through the 25 volumes of his collected works to find it. We are happy to be able to reproduce here, in somewhat abridged form, one of the most shamefully neglected political statements in the history of English literature.

ASHER BRYNES

The Day after Tomorrow

By **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

WE ARE ALL becoming Socialists without knowing it; by which I would not in the least refer to the acute case of Mr. Hyndman and his horn-blowing supporters, sounding their trumps of a Sunday within the walls of our individualistic Jericho, but to the stealthy change that has come over the spirit of Englishmen and English legislation. A little while ago, and we were still for liberty; "Crowd a few more thousands on the bench of Government," we seemed to cry; "keep her head direct on liberty, and we cannot help but come to port." This is over; *laissez-faire* declines in favor; our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors, who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. It may be right or wrong, we are not trying that; but one thing is beyond doubt; it is socialism in action, and the strange thing is that we scarcely know it.

Liberty has served us a long while, and it may be time to seek new altars. Like all other principles, she has been proved to be self-exclusive in the long run. She has taken wages besides (like all other virtues) and dutifully served Mammon; so that many things we were accustomed to admire as the benefits of freedom and common to all were truly benefits of wealth, and took their value from our neighbor's poverty. A few shocks of logic, a few disclosures (in the journalistic phrase) of what the freedom of manufacturers, landlords or shipowners may imply for operatives, tenants or seamen, and we not unnaturally began to turn to that other pole of hope, beneficent tyranny. Freedom, to be desirable, involves kindness, wisdom and all the virtues of the free; but the free man as we have seen him in action has been, as of yore, only the master of many helots; and the slaves are still ill fed, ill clad, ill taught, ill housed, insolently treated and driven to their mines and workshops by the lash of famine. So much in other men's affairs, we have begun to see clearly; we have begun to despair of virtue in these other men, and from our seat in Parliament begin to discharge upon them, thick as arrows, the host of our inspectors. The land-

lord has long shaken his head over the manufacturer; those who do business on land have lost all trust in the virtues of the shipowner; the professions look askance on the retail traders and have even started their co-operative stores to ruin them; and from out the smoke-wreaths of Birmingham a finger has begun to write upon the wall a condemnation of the landlord.

Thus, piece by piece, do we condemn each other, and yet not perceive the conclusion, that our whole estate is somewhat damnable. Thus, piece by piece, each acting against his neighbor, each sawing away the branch on which some other interest is seated, do we apply in detail our Socialist remedies, and yet not perceive that we are all laboring together to bring in socialism at large. A tendency so stupid and so selfish is like to prove invincible; and if socialism be at all a practicable rule of life, there is every chance that our grandchildren will see the day and taste the pleasures of existing in something far liker an ant-heap than any previous human polity. And this is not in the least because of the voice of Mr. Hyndman or the horns of his followers; but by the mere glacier movement of the political soil, bearing forward on its bosom, apparently undisturbed, the proud camps of Whig and Tory. If Mr. Hyndman were a man of keen humor, which is far from my conception of his character, he might rest from his troubling and look on: the walls of Jericho begin already to crumble and dissolve. That great servile war, the Armageddon of money and numbers, to which we looked forward when young, becomes more and more unlikely, and we may rather look to see a peaceable and blindfold evolution, the work of dull men immersed in political tactics and dead to political results.

The principal scene of this comedy lies, of course, in the House of Commons; it is there, besides, that the details of this new evolution (if it proceed) will fall to be decided; so that the state of Parliament is not only diagnostic of the present but fatefully prophetic of the future. Well, we all know what Parliament is, and we are all ashamed of it. We may pardon it some faults . . . but the excuse is merely local; it cannot apply to similar bodies in America and France; and what are we to say of these? President Cleveland's letter may serve as a picture of the one; a glance at almost any paper will convince us of the weakness of the other.

DECAY appears to have seized on the organ of popular government in every land; and this just at the moment when we begin to bring to it, as to an oracle of justice, the whole skein of our private affairs to be unravelled, and ask it, like a new Messiah, to take upon itself our frailties and play for us the part that should be played by our own virtues. For that, in few words, is the case. We cannot trust ourselves to behave with decency; we cannot trust our consciences; and the remedy proposed is to elect a round number of our neighbors, pretty much at random, and say to these: "Be ye our conscience; make laws so wise, and continue from year to year to administer them so wisely, that they shall save us from ourselves and make us righteous and happy, world without end. Amen."

And who can look twice at the British Parliament and then seriously bring it such a task? I am not advancing this as an argument against socialism; once again, nothing is further from my mind. There are great truths in socialism, or no one, not even Mr. Hyndman, would be found to hold it; and if it came, and did one-tenth part of what it offers, I for one should make it welcome. But if it is to come we may as well have some notion of what it will be like; and the first thing to grasp is that our new polity will be designed and administered (to put it courteously) with something short of inspiration. It will be made, or will grow, in a human parliament; and the one thing that will not very hugely change is human nature. The Anarchists think otherwise, from which it is very plain that they have not carried to the study of history the lamp of human sympathy.

Given, then, our new polity, with its new wagonload of laws, what headmarks must we look for in the life? We chafe a good deal at that excellent thing, the income-tax, because it brings into our affairs the prying fingers, and exposes us to the tart words, of the official. The official, in all degrees, is already something of a terror to many of us. I would not willingly have to do with even a police constable in any other spirit than that of kindness. . . . Well, this golden age of which we are speaking will be the golden age of officials. In all our concerns it will be their beloved duty to meddle, with what tact, and with what obliging words, analogy will aid us to imagine. It is likely these gentlemen will be periodically elected; they will therefore have their turn of being underneath, which does not always sweeten men's conditions. The laws they will have to administer will be no clearer than those we know today, and the body which is to regulate their administration no wiser than the British Parliament. So that upon all hands we may look for a form of servitude most galling to the blood—servitude to many and changing masters—and for all the slights that accompany the rule of Jack in office.

And if the socialistic program be carried out with the least fulness, we shall have lost a thing in most respects not much to be regretted, but, as a moderator of oppression, a thing nearly invaluable—the newspaper. For the independent journal is a creature of capital and competition; it stands and falls with millionaires and railway-bonds and all the abuses and glories of today; and as soon as the state has fairly taken its bent to authority and philanthropy, and laid the least touch on private property, the days of the independent journal are numbered. State railways may be good things, and so may state bakeries; but a state newspaper will never be a very trenchant critic of the state officials.

But again, these officials would have no sinecure. Crime would perhaps be less, for some of the motives of crime we may suppose would pass away. But if socialism were carried out with any fulness, there would be more contraventions. We already see new sins springing up like mustard — School

Board sins, factory sins, Merchant Shipping Act sins—none of which I would be thought to except against in particular, but all of which, taken together, show us that socialism can be a hard master even in the beginning. If it go on to such heights as we hear proposed and lauded, if it come actually to its ideal of the ant-heap, ruled with iron justice, the number of new contraventions will be out of all proportion multiplied.

TAKE THE CASE of work alone. Man is an idle animal. He is at least as intelligent as the ant; but generations of advisers have in vain recommended him the ant's example. Of those who are found truly indefatigable in business, some are misers; some are the practisers of delightful industries, like gardening; some are students, artists, inventors or discoverers, men lured forward by successive hopes; and the rest are those who live by games of skill or hazard — financiers, billiard-players, gamblers and the like. But in unloved toils, even under the prick of necessity, man is continuously sedulous. Once eliminate the fear of starvation, once eliminate or bound the hope of riches, and we shall see plenty of skulking or malingering. Society will then be something not wholly unlike a cotton plantation in the old days; with cheerless, careless, demoralized slaves, with elected overseers, and, instead of the planter, a chaotic popular assembly. If the blood be purposeful and the soil strong, such a plantation may succeed, and be, indeed, a busy ant-heap, with full granaries and long hours of leisure.

But even then I think the whip will be in the overseer's hand, and not in vain. For, when it comes to be a question of each man doing his own share or the rest doing more, prettiness of sentiment will be forgotten. To dock the skulker's food is not enough; many will rather eat haws and starve on petty pilferings than put their shoulders to the wheel for one hour daily. For such as these, then, the whip will be in the overseer's hand; and his own sense of justice, and the superintendence of a chaotic popular assembly will be the only checks on its employment. Now, you may be an industrious man and a good citizen, and yet do not love, nor yet be loved by Dr. Fell the inspector. It is admitted by private soldiers that the disfavor of a sergeant is an evil not to be combatted; offend the sergeant, they say, and in a brief while you will either be disgraced or have deserted. And the sergeant can no longer appeal to the lash. But if these things go on we shall see, or our sons shall see, what it is to have offended an inspector.

This for the unfortunate. But with the fortunate also, those whom the inspector loves, it may not be altogether well. It is concluded that in such a state of society, supposing it to be financially sound, the level of comfort will be high. It does not follow: there are strange depths of idleness in man, a too-easily-got sufficiency, as in the case of the sago-eaters, often quenching the desire for all besides; and it is possible that the men of the richest ant-heaps may sink into squalor. But suppose they do not; suppose our tricksy instrument of human nature, when we play upon it this new tune, should respond kindly; suppose no one to be damped and none exasperated by the new conditions, the whole enterprise to be financially sound — a vaulting supposition — and all the inhabitants to dwell together in a golden mean of comfort: we have yet to ask ourselves if this be what men desire, or if it be what man will even deign to accept for a continuance.

IT IS certain that man loves to eat; it is not certain that he loves that only or that best. He is supposed to love comfort; it is not a love, at least, that he is faithful to. He is supposed to love happiness; it is my contention that he, rather, loves excitement. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to him than regular meals. He does not think so when he is hungry, but he thinks so again as soon as he is fed; and on the hypothesis of a successful ant-heap, he would never go hungry. It would be always after dinner in that society, as, in the land of the Lotus-eaters, it was always afternoon; and food, which, when we have it not, seems all-important, drops in our esteem, as soon as we have it, to a mere prerequisite of living.

That for which man lives is not the same thing for all individuals nor in all ages; yet it has a common base; what he seeks and what he must have is that which will seize and hold his attention. . . . Already in our society as it exists, the bourgeois is too much cottoned about for any zest in living; he sits in his parlor out of reach of any danger, often out of reach of any vicissitudes but one of health; and there he yawns. . . . The aleatory, whether it touch life, or fortune or renown—whether we explore Africa or only toss for halfpence—that is what I conceive men to love best, and that is what we are seeking to exclude from men's existences.

Of all forms of the aleatory, that which most commonly attends our workingmen — the danger of misery from want of work—is the least inspiriting: it does not whip the blood, it does not evoke the glory of contest; it is tragic, but it is passive; and yet, in so far as it is aleatory, and a peril sensibly touching them, it does truly season the men's lives. . . . Much, then, as the average proletariat would gain in this new state, they would lose a certain something, which would not be missed in the beginning, but would be missed progressively, and progressively lamented. . . . Bread, I believe, has always been considered first, but the circus comes close upon its heels. Bread we suppose to be given amply; the cry for circuses will be the louder, and if the life of our descendants be such as we have conceived, there are two pleasures on which they are likely to fall back: the pleasures of intrigue and of sedition.

IN ALL THIS I have supposed the ant-heap to be financially sound. I am no economist, only a writer of fiction; but even as such, I know one thing that bears on the economic question — I know the imperfection of man's faculty for business. The Anarchists, who count some elements of common sense among what seem to me their tragic errors, have said upon this matter all I could wish to say,

and condemned beforehand great economical polities. So far it is obvious that they are right; they may be right also in predicting a period of communal independence, and they may even be right in thinking that desirable. But the rise of communes is none the less the end of economic equality, just when we were told it was beginning. Communes will not be equal in extent, nor in quality of soil, nor in growth of population; nor will the surplus produce of all be equally marketable. It will be the old story of competing interests, only with a new unit; and, as it seems to me, a new, inevitable danger. For the merchant and the manufacturer, in this new world, will be a sovereign commune; it is a sovereign power that will see its crops undersold and its manufactures worsted in the market. And all the more dangerous that the sovereign power should be small.

Great powers are slow to stir; national affronts, even with the aid of newspapers, filter slowly into the popular consciousness; national losses are so unequally shared that one part of the population will be counting its gains while another sits by a cold hearth. But in the sovereign commune all will be centralized and sensitive. When jealousy springs up . . . irritation will run like quicksilver through the body politic . . . and thus a business difference between communes will take on much the same color as a dispute between diggers in the lawless West, and will lead directly to the arbitrament of blows. So that the establishment of the communal system will not only reintroduce all the injustices and heartburnings of economic inequality, but will, in all human likelihood, inaugurate a world of hedge-row warfare. . . .

At least this will not be dull; when I was younger I could have welcomed such a world with relief; but it is the New-Old with a vengeance, and irresistibly suggests the growth of military powers and the foundation of new empires.

Attention, College Professors and Students:

$100 PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

PLAIN TALK will award one hundred dollars for the best essay of 1,500 words or less by a college student on the topic:

Why Communism Is Reactionary

Judges: John Dos Passos, Henry Hazlitt, John Chamberlain, and the editors of PLAIN TALK. The prize-winning essay will be published in an early issue; other entries may be accepted for publication at regular space rates. Contest closes October 20, 1948. For rules, see the June issue or write:

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A Word to You

GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS pulls no punches in opening the round with H. R. Knickerbocker on *Must It Be War?* . . . Mr. Combs will be remembered for his lucid and widely reprinted report *As Europe Sees It* which we published in PLAIN TALK last March following his return from a four-months tour of Europe * * * Behind the pseudonym of BURT NESBIT, who takes us inside the red-and-pink mansion of the *New Republic* during the short reign of Henry A. Wallace, lurks a member of the staff of that monument to a betrayed liberalism . . . at the same time *How Gideon Led the New Republic* is a revelation of how wealth accumulated by a rugged individual is nourishing the intellectual chaos of our time and sending forth academic fledglings in the role of major prophets . . . the dramatic part played by Henry Wallace is but a by-product of a greater tragedy.

* * *

JAMES RORTY, whose *Operation Donald Duck* introduces him to our readers, began as a writer of advertising copy . . . served as a stretcher-bearer in the U. S. Army during the First World War, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross . . . since 1920 has been a prolific contributor to newspapers and magazines and authored half a dozen works . . . he is a poet and an inveterate crusader for truth * * * Another newcomer to our pages is VICTOR F. MORRIS whose *Wall Street and the Liberals* is sure to arouse much comment . . . he has worked as an investment analyst in Wall Street and is at present serving as research editor of two journals in the food and drug fields.

* * *

WILLARD PRICE, the veteran journalist and foreign correspondent, has recently returned from a firsthand study of South America . . . the fragment which we publish here, *Thief at the Back Door,* is from his forthcoming book surveying our Latin neighbors . . . author of a dozen works dealing mostly with the Pacific, Mr. Price made a lasting contribution to our understanding of Japan with his *Children of the Rising Sun* [1938] * * * When HAL LEHRMAN went to the Balkans for *The Nation* at the end of the war, he looked at the world through the kind of spectacles now worn by Henry A. Wallace . . . what he saw in Hungary and in the other satellites, as reported in his recently published book, *Russia's Europe,* taught him a lesson which is poignantly brought out in his *Hungary's "Henry Wallace"* * * * RALPH DE TOLEDANO [*When Is a Red Herring?*] was managing editor of PLAIN TALK, 1946-47, and is now on the staff of *Newsweek* * * * Don't miss the EUGENE LYONS analysis, *Police State Pattern,* in which he leafs through one of the few important books of the year . . . and don't miss a rare literary find, the hardly-known essay on socialism by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE EDITORS

Our Third Year

• "Why, this might be a PLAIN TALK article!" was the surprised comment of one of our readers as she scanned an exposé of Communist activities in a popular mass circulation magazine.

"That's a fine editorial," another subscriber remarked as he read his morning newspaper. "Sounds almost like one I read in PLAIN TALK over a year ago."

• When PLAIN TALK began publication exactly two years ago, its group of forward-looking charter subscribers were in the vanguard of a movement that is now assuming the proportions of a crusade. The editors do not flatter themselves that this is imitation. For today the march of world totalitarianism has thrust on every thinking person unmistakable proof of the facts which PLAIN TALK's inside sources of information revealed months ago. We are glad that more and more publications are finding the courage to print the truth, despite the influence of Communists and fellow-travelers in our publishing world. And we take pride in the fact that writers and editors and molders of public opinion everywhere tell us that PLAIN TALK "firsts" have helped them to discern the truth and to present it later in their own way.

• PLAIN TALK will continue to lead the way, bringing you information not yet obtainable elsewhere; fearless interpretation of the news; articles you will refer to again and again as the turn of events brings them sharply to your memory.

In addition to alerting its readers to communism's underground activities and blueprint for action both here and abroad, the expanded PLAIN TALK will serve constructively as a medium for ideas dedicated to preserving a free America and a free world.

Don't miss a single issue in these critical days.

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